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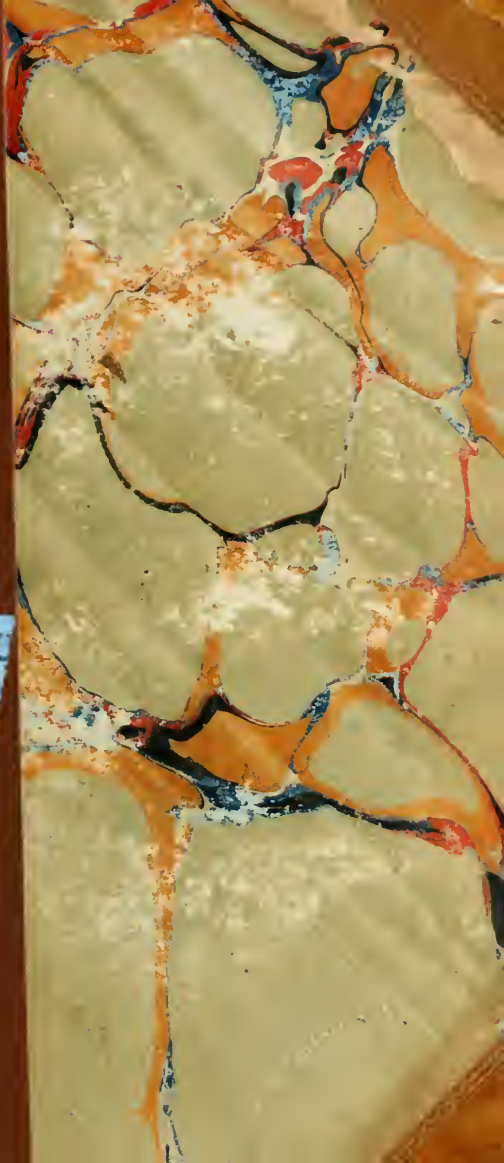

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POETRY AND POETS:

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE CHOICEST

ANECDOTES

RELATIVE TO THE

POETS OF EVERY AGE AND NATION.

TOGETHER WITH

SPECIMENS OF THEIR WORKS AND SKETCHES OF THEIR BIOGRAPHY.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY

RICHARD RYAN,

AUTHOR OF "POEMS ON SACRED SUBJECTS," "BALLADS ON THE FICTIONS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH," &c. &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

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PREFACE.

In compliance with established custom, the Editor, having completed these Volumes, is now called upon to apply himself to the "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable" task, of writing a Preface for them; and it becomes a question of what that Preface is to consist. Of the two topics usually put in requisition for the performance of this duty,—apology and panegyric,—he does not conceive he is at liberty to avail himself. With regard to the first, in these days of light reading, when works of a desultory and amusing description have usurped so large a portion of the shelves of every bookseller, it cannot, surely, be necessary to offer any excuse for obtruding on the world a few additional volumes, on the interesting and exhaust-

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less theme to which the present are devoted. The enormous and increasing demand for works of Anecdote, renders such excuse perfectly nugatory; and the Editor is, therefore, precluded from indulging in the favourite apologetic strain.

Still less does it become him to adopt the panegyrical, and, sitting as censor on his own work, in imitation of certain modest writers of the day, to point out to the world the great advantages which it possesses over all that have gone before it, and, indeed, over all that will come after it. He cannot persuade himself that he is the most impartial judge of the merits of his own compilation; he will, therefore, leave it to the public, whose peculiar province it is, and who are far more likely to come to a just decision on the subject, to ascertain what degree of merit may belong to it.

He will only say for himself, that he has endeavoured to select such Anecdotes relative to the Poetry and Poets of his own country in particular, as may convey information as well as amusement, cautiously rejecting the trite stories which are to be met with at every corner, and diligently searching among works little known to the majority of readers, for those

gems which lay buried in their obscurity. He has thus been induced frequently to refer to our older Poets, many of whom, although possessing great genius, are now scarcely known to the world at large, even by name; and, in these cases, he has departed from the more restricted plan usually pursued, in order to introduce slight sketches of their lives, and specimens of their productions, which, he trusts, will be found both novel and curious. Nor have the Poets of other nations been neglected; on the contrary, many names of this class are introduced, together with translated extracts of their works, derived from sources which taste and criticism must allow to be the best. He has, also, given occasional notices of several living aspirants to the bays, principally of the Sister Island, the specimens of whose hitherto unpublished poetry will serve to shew, that no inconsiderable degree of poetical talent is obscured and depressed by the want of that fostering care which, in this country, would speedily be exerted in favour of modest and retiring genius.

As, however, he imagines that few, or none, will read this Preface, without glancing at the contents of the volumes to which it is prefixed,

he deems it superfluous to enter into any detail of the matter which they embrace; with regard to which the reader will, doubtless, form his own judgment, uninfluenced by any thing which might here be said in its favour. To that judgment he submits his work, and awaits that verdict to which he, and all his fellow culprits in the sin of authorship, or editorship, must submit without appeal.

RICHARD RYAN.

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POETRY AND POETS.

OTWAY.

THE death of this celebrated Poet has been differently recorded by almost every one of his Biographers: "Having been compelled by his necessities to contract debts," says Dr. Johnson, "and hunted, as is supposed, by the terriers of the

law, he retired to a public-house (the Bull, according to Anthony Wood,) on Tower-hill, where he is said to have died of want; or, as it is related by one of his Biographers, by swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. He went out, as is reported, almost naked, in the rage of hunger, and, finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-house, asked him for a shilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; and Otway, going away, bought a roll, and was choaked with the first mouthful. All this, I hope, is not true; and there is this ground of better hope, that Pope, who lived near enough to be well informed, relates, in "Spence's Memorials," that he died of a fever caught by violent pursuit of a thief that had robbed one of his friends. But that indigence, and its concomitants, sorrow and despondency, pressed hard upon him, has never been denied, whatever immediate cause might bring him to the grave."

Pope's account of Otway's death was first related by Dr. Warton, in the notes to his "Essay on Pope," and in the following words: "Otway had an intimate friend who was murdered (not *robbed*) in the street. One may guess at his sorrow, who has so feelingly described true af-

fection in his 'Venice Preserved.' He pursued the murderer on foot, who fled to France, as far as Dover, where he was seized with a fever, occasioned by fatigue, which afterwards carried him to his grave in London." The robber, we find, is by this account a murderer, and as Dr. Warton was always more correct as to minor facts than Dr. Johnson, it is probable that he relates the story as he heard it; but it is to be traced to Spence, who was informed by Dennis, the critic, that "Otway had a friend, one Blakiston, who was shot; the murderer fled towards Dover, and Otway pursued him. In his return he drank water, when violently heated, and so got the fever which was the death of him." And Dennis, in the Preface to his "Observations on Pope's translation of Homer," 1717, 8vo, says, "Otway died in an alehouse," which is not inconsistent with the preceding account, as he generally lived in one; but whether the story of the guinea and the loaf can be introduced with any probability to heighten the poet's distress, we do not pretend to determine. It would not, perhaps, be very wrong to conjecture that both accounts might be true, but his contemporaries have left us no precise docu-

ments. Dr. Johnson has remarked, that Otway appears by some of his verses to have been a zealous loyalist, and had what was, in those times, the common reward of loyalty,—he lived and died neglected.

IRISH BARDS IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

THE character of the Bard, once so deservedly reverenced in Ireland, began to sink into contempt in the reign of Elizabeth. The following is Spenser's animated description of this order in their fallen state, in which he sets forth his reasons for recommending their extirpation. In this, we shall find the poet lashing them without mercy; yet, at the same time, doing justice to their productions.

"There is among the Irish a certain kind of people called *Bardes*, which are to them instead of Poets, whose profession is to set forth the praises or dispraises of men, in their poems or rithmes; the which are had in so high regard and estimation amongst them, that none dare displease them for fear to run into reproach through their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of men. For their verses are taken up with a general applause, and usually

sung at all feasts and meetings by certain other persons, whose proper function that is; who, also, receive for the same great rewards and reputation amongst them."—"These Irish bardes are, for the most part, so far from instructing young men, in moral discipline, that they themselves do more deserve to be sharply disciplined, for they seldom use to choose unto themselves the doings of good men for the arguments of their poems; but, whomsoever they find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they set up and glorify in their rithmes, him they praise to the people, and to young men make an example to follow."—"For, being (as they all be) brought up idly, without awe of parents, without precepts of masters, and without fear of offence; not being directed nor employed in any course of life which may carry them to virtue; they will easily be drawn to follow such as any shall set up before them: for a young mind cannot rest; if he be not still busied in some goodness, he will find himself such business as shall soon busy all about him. In which, if he shall find any to praise him, and to

give him encouragement, as those bardes and rithmers do, for little reward, or a share of a stolne cow, then waxeth he most insolent and half mad with the love of himself, and his own lewd deeds. And, as for words to set forth such lewdness, it is not hard for them to give a goodly and painted shew thereunto, borrowed even from the praises which are proper to virtue itself; as of a most notorious thief and wicked outlaw, which had lived all his life time on spoils and robberies, one of their bardes, in his praise, will say, that he was none of the idle milk-sops that was brought up by the fire-side, but that most of his days he spent in arms and valiant enterprises; that he did never eat his meat before he had won it with his sword; that he lay not all night slugging in a cabin under his mantle, but used commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives, and did light his candle at the flames of their houses to lead him in the darkness; that the day was his night, and the night his day; that he loved not to be long wooing of wenches to yield to him, but where he came, he took by force the spoil of other men's love, and left but lamentation to their lovers; that his music was not the harp, nor lays of love,

but the cries of people, and clashing of armour; and finally, that he died, not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death."

"I have caused divers of these poems," he concludes, "to be translated to me, that I might understand them; and surely they savoured of sweet wit and goodly invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of poetry; yet were they sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comliness unto them; the which, it is great pity to see so abused, to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

Such is the language in which our great poet speaks of his contemporary brethren in Ireland; such, too, is the language employed respecting them in one of those oppressive acts of parliament, which were about the same period assented to by the Earl of Desmond, in which it is declared "that these *rymors* do by their ditties and rhymes made to divers lords and gentlemen in Ireland, in the commendation and high praise of extorsion, rebellion, rape, raven, and other injustice, encourage those lords and gentlemen

rather to follow those vices, than to leave them," &c., and by which penalties are inflicted, not only on the bards themselves, but on all those who shall entertain them.

But the Irish bards, in this period, were not wholly employed in offering incense to the unworthy; they frequently exercised their talents with zeal, to preserve their country from the chains which were forging for it; and hence, the true reason of the jealousy with which they were regarded by the government of Elizabeth. They flung themselves into the midst of the armies of their much-injured countrymen, striking their harps with

"A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,"

till they raised the martial fury of the soldiery to such an elevated pitch, that they often rushed on their enemies with the impetuosity of a mountain-torrent, sweeping all before them, till they heard the shout of victory.

POPE'S HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPES.

Mr. Pope's life was in danger several times; and the first, so early as when he was a child in coats. A wild cow, that was driven by the place

where he was at play, struck at him with her horns, tore off his hat, wounded him in the throat, beat him down, and trampled on him.

His second escape was, when he was about two-and-twenty. He was travelling in a coach by night, and with a coachman that did not know the road so well as he should have done. They went to cross the Thames, and the coachman drove into the water; but after they were a little way in, the horses stopped short, and all his swearing and whipping could not make them stir a foot on. Some passengers, that happened to come by, just at the height of his endeavouring to force them to go on, called to the man, and told him that his horses had more sense than himself; that the Thames was not fordable there, that they were just on the brink of a hole twice as deep as the coach; and that, had they proceeded a step farther, they must all have been lost; so he drew back, and got out of the river again, and they were very glad to go to a little alehouse on the bank that they had just quitted.

His third danger was in a coach, too, with six spirited horses. They took fright, ran away,

and overturned the coach, with him only in it, into a ditch full of water. He was almost suffocated there, and broke the glass with his hand to let in the air: but, as the coach sunk deeper in, the water gained very fast upon him, and he was taken out but just time enough to save him from being drowned.

Besides these, his perpetual application (after he set to study of himself) reduced him, in four years' time, to so bad a state of health, that, after trying physicians a good while in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper, and calmly sat down in a full expectation of death in a short time. Under this thought, he wrote letters to take a last farewell of some of his particular friends; and, among the rest, one to Abbé Southcote. The Abbé was extremely concerned, both for his very ill state of health and the resolution he said he had taken. He thought there might yet be hopes, and went immediately to Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was well acquainted; told him Mr. Pope's case; got full directions from him and carried them down to Mr. Pope, in Windsor Forest. The chief thing the Doctor ordered him, was to apply less to study, and to

ride every day: the following his advice soon restored to him his health.*—SPENCE.

MINSTREL CHALLENGE.

ARNAUD DANIEL, a troubadour, highly celebrated by Dante and Petrarch, about the year 1240, made a voyage into England, where, in the court of King Henry the Third, he met a minstrel, who challenged him at *difficult rhymes*. The challenge was accepted, a considerable wager was laid, and the rival bards were shut up in separate chambers of the palace. The King, who appears to have much interested himself in the dispute, allowed them ten days for *composing*, and five more for *learning to sing*, their respective pieces; after which, each was to exhibit his performance in the presence of his majesty.

The third day, the English minstrel announced that he was ready. The troubadour declared that he had not wrote a line, but that he had tried, and could not as yet put two words together. The following evening, he over-heard the minstrel practising his *chanson* to himself.

* This was when Mr. Pope was about seventeen, and, consequently, about the year 1705.

The next day he had the good fortune to hear the same again, and learned the air and words.

At the day appointed, they both appeared before the King. Arnaud desired to sing first, and the minstrel, in a fit of the greatest surprise and astonishment, suddenly cried out, "*C'est ma chanson,*" (This is *my* song). The King said it was impossible; but the minstrel still insisted upon it, and Arnaud, being closely pressed, ingenuously told the whole affair. The King was much entertained with this adventure, and, ordering the wager to be withdrawn, loaded them both with presents. But he afterwards obliged Arnaud to give a *chanson* of his own composition.

VIRGIL.

The fame of Virgil's poetry has continued, from the time of his death, to delight each succeeding age; but, that he actually passed, in the 13th century, for a conjurer of the most terrific nature, and that the most astonishing supernatural powers were ascribed to his bones, are circumstances with which comparatively few may be acquainted.

A celebrated German prelate, Conrade, Bishop

of Hildesheim, has transmitted this wonderful discovery to posterity, in one of his letters which he wrote about that period, in Italy, to the Provost of Hildesheim.—The neighbouring country was then, probably, much infested with serpents, for Virgil found it necessary to confine all the serpents, collected in the vicinity, in a hole, and to shut them up with an iron door. The honest Germans, who were just as credulous in those days as at present, were so firmly convinced of the truth of this tale, that, when Henry VI. ordered the gates and walls of Naples to be demolished, not one of his men would venture to meddle with this door, from the fear of the serpents being let loose, which were there confined. It was further related of Virgil, the sorcerer, that he constructed a slaughter-house, in which meat would keep sweet, during the hottest weather, for six weeks. He is, also, reported to have erected, near Vesuvius, the brass statue of a man with a bow: a peasant twanged the string, the arrow lodged in the mountain, and Vesuvius has vomited fire ever since. As all the attempts latterly made by St. Januarius to stop the crater of Vesuvius, have failed, Virgil must, conse-

quently, be still much more powerful than that saint.

The bard must also have been so irritable as to be offended by the very flies on the wall; for he is said to have placed a brass fly over one of the gates of the city; and, so long as this remained uninjured, not one of these insects durst enter Naples.

Lastly, the bishop relates, that Virgil's grave is in a neighbouring castle, wholly surrounded by the sea. No sooner was an attempt made to bring his remains into the open air, than the heavens were overcast, a tempestuous wind arose, and the billows roared. But the most incredible part of this relation is, that his eminence, the Lord Bishop of Hildesheim, who was then Chancellor to the Emperor, should assure his friend, the provost, that he had been an eye-witness to all this, and had even made various experiments on the subject himself.

CITY-POETRY.

Among the many striking contrasts between the manners and characters of ancient and modern life, which the annals of Poetry present,

we must not be surprised to find a mercer, a sheriff, and an alderman of London, *descending* from his important occupations to write verses. Robert Fabyan, who is better known as an historian than as a poet, was esteemed, not only the most facetious, but the most learned of all the mercers, sheriffs, and aldermen of his time; and no layman of that age is said to have been better skilled in the Latin language. He flourished about the year 1494.

In his *Chronicle*, or *Concordance of Histories*, from Brutus to the year 1485, it is his usual practice, at the division of the books, to insert metrical prologues, and other pieces in verse. His transitions from prose to verse, in the course of a prolix narrative, seem to be made with much sense; and, when he begins to versify, the historian disappears only by the addition of rhyme and stanza. In the first edition of his Chronicle, printed in 1516, by way of prologues to his seven books, he has given us *The seven Joys of the Blessed Virgin, in English Rime;* and, under the year 1325, there is a poem to the Virgin; and another on one Badby, a Lollard, under the year 1409. These are suppressed in the later editions. He has, like-

wise, left a panegyric on the City of London; but "despairs of doing justice to so noble a subject for verse, even if he had the eloquence of Tully, the morality of Seneca, and the harmony of that *faire lady Calliope.*"

As an historian, our author is the dullest of compilers; he is equally attentive to the succession of the mayors of London, and of the monarchs of England; and seems to have thought the dinners at Guildhall, and the pageantries of the City companies, more interesting transactions than our victories in France, and our struggles for public liberty at home. One of Fabyan's historical anecdotes, under the important reign of Henry the Fifth, is, that a new weather-cock was placed on the cross of St. Paul's steeple. It is said, that Cardinal Wolsey commanded many copies of this Chronicle to be committed to the flames, because it made too ample a discovery of the excessive revenues of the clergy. The earlier chapters of these childish annals *faithfully* record all those fabulous traditions, which generally supply the place of historic monuments, in describing the origin of a nation.—WARTON.

THE ORIGINALS OF "EDWIN AND EMMA."

At Bowes, in Yorkshire, a dreary village on the edge of Stanmore, lived these two young cottagers, secluded from the gay scenes of life.

Emma's sister was alive some few ten years back, and used frequently to relate to her young inquiring neighbours, with a kind of gloomy pleasure, every circumstance relating to the death of Edwin and Emma. These two early victims of love were both interred in one grave in Bowes churchyard, over which no stone is laid to commemorate their remarkable affection for each other.

Their names are recorded in the parish register with particulars. Although they moved in a humble sphere, a bard arose and handed down to posterity their history, when their real names and resting place shall probably have been forgotten. It was once in agitation to have erected a monument to their memory, by private subscription; but why not carried into effect we know not; possibly prevented by some character, who, similar to

> "The father, too, a sordid man,
> Who love nor pity knew,
> Was all unfeeling as the clod,
> From whence his riches grew."

SOUTHERN AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

SOUTHERN once wrote a dedication to John Duke of Argyle. It was shown to his grace, in manuscript, and he objected to one part, as too complimentary; to another, as inelegant in the construction; and to another, as inapplicable to the subject. On this occasion, the poet wrote the following stanzas:

"Argyle, his praise, when Southern wrote,
First struck out this, and then, that thought;
Said, this was flattery, that a fault:
How shall the bard contrive?

My lord, consider what you do;
He'll lose his pains, and verses too;
For if the lines will not *fit you*,
They'll serve no man alive."

PUTTENHAM.

PUTTENHAM, with his versifying pen, has drawn a portrait of Queen Elizabeth; and as she was, in her estimation, as beautiful as her ill-fated rival, Mary Queen of Scots, and as the poet was upon Elizabeth's pension list, he, doubtless, held up a deceitful mirror, and forbore to give the least inuendo whether her

charms were natural or artificial.—This specimen will suffice.

"Two lips wrought out of *rubie* rocke,
Like leaves to shut and to unlock,
As portall door in prince's chamber,
A golden tongue in mouth of amber.
Her bosom, sleek as *Paris plaster*,
Held up two balls of *alabaster*."

CREBILLON, AND THE RAT.

CREBILLON, the celebrated French poet, wrote a novel entitled "Tanzai," and was sent for confinement to the castle of Vincennes. The first night of his imprisonment, he had scarcely fallen asleep, when he suddenly felt something warm and hairy in his bed. Supposing it to be a cat, he drove the animal away and went to sleep again. Being fond of cats, he was sorry, the next morning, that he had driven the animal away; and hoped that it might yet afford him some amusement in his solitude. In vain did he hunt in every corner for the supposed cat. "If she return," thought he, "I will give her a better reception." At noon, when he was eating his frugal repast, he perceived, at some distance, a creature sitting, like a monkey, on its hind legs, and looking steadfastly

at him. The room, like others of the same kind, was very dark. Crebillon took the visitor to be the wished-for cat, and held out some victuals to invite the animal, which drew near, when, to his extreme surprise, he discovered it to be a well-fed rat, of prodigious size. Having a great antipathy to rats, he gave a loud shriek and his unwelcome guest instantly disappeared. The jailor being drawn to the place by the noise, laughed, and told Crebillon that the last inmate of the apartment had made the rat, when quite young, so tame that it always partook of his repast, and even slept in his bed. "I was so pleased with it," continued the jailor, "that I tried to make the fellow familiar with myself, and you shall see whether I have succeeded;" so saying, he laid a piece of meat upon his hand, calling "Raton! Raton! come out, my little friend!" Raton immediately put forth his head, and seeing his well-known benefactor, jumped upon his hand, and there ate the meat offered to him. "From that moment," said Crebillon, relating the story to his friends, "Raton was my constant companion: he was restored to the possession of all the rights which he had enjoyed

under the protection of my predecessor, except sharing my bed; and, on my departure, I was desirous of taking him with me to Paris, but the jailor protested against it. Nay, I cannot deny that I parted from Raton with tears in my eyes."

BUTLER'S CHARACTER OF AN EPIGRAMMATIST.

An epigrammatist is a poet of small wares, whose muse is short-winded, and quickly out of breath. She flies like a goose, that is no sooner upon the wing, but down again. He was originally one of those authors that used to write upon white walls, from whence his works being collected and put together, pass in the world, like single money, among those who deal in small matters. His wit is like fire in a flint, that is nothing while it is in, and nothing again as soon as it is out.

He is a kind of vagabond writer, that is never out of his way, for nothing is beside the purpose with him, that purposes none at all. His works are like a running banquet, that have much variety but little of a sort; for he deals in nothing but scraps and parcels, like a tailor's broker.

VOLTAIRE, AND THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

VOLTAIRE was employed by that eccentric great man, the famous Earl of Peterborough, to write some considerable work. His Lordship supplied the money whenever importuned by Voltaire, then under his roof for that purpose, and rather impatiently waited for its completion, urging Voltaire to expedite the publication, who replied, that booksellers and printers were dilatory.

The bookseller employed by Voltaire, having frequently demanded from him more money, his constant reply was, that Lord Peterborough could not be prevailed upon to advance more until the completion of the work; for which event, Voltaire, as it should seem, was in no great haste. The bookseller, at length, began to suspect Monsieur de Voltaire, and determined on making a personal application to the Earl. He, accordingly set out in a stage coach, and arrived at his Lordship's, in the afternoon. After dining, the Earl, and two or three gentlemen who had dined with him, walked in the garden, when a servant came to announce that Mr. —— wanted an interview with his Lordship, who immediately said, "Shew

him into the garden." On his being introduced, he told Lord Peterborough, that the work had long stood still for want of money. His Lordship's choler, upon this, began to rise, saying, "That he had never failed to send, immediately, all that was demanded." The poor bookseller declared, that "Monsieur de Voltaire had never given more than ten pounds, at the same time informing him, that he could not prevail on Lord Peterborough to advance any more; that he suspected Monsieur de Voltaire might have slandered his Lordship; and he, therefore, took the liberty of obtaining an interview."

The indignation of his Lordship overcame him for a time: he did, at length, utter, "The villain!" At that moment, Voltaire appearing at the end of a very long gravel walk, the Earl exclaimed, "Here he comes, and I will kill him instantly." So saying, he drew his sword and darted forward to the object of his revenge. A fatal catastrophe was prevented by M. St. André, then present, catching Lord Peterborough in his arms, and exclaiming, "Good God! my Lord, if you murder him you will be hanged."—"I care not for that. I will kill the villain!" The walk being one of the old-

fashioned garden walks of King William, was of great length: Voltaire proceeded some way before he descried the bookseller. At that moment, M. St. André screamed out, "Fly for your life, for I cannot hold my Lord many moments longer."—Voltaire fled, concealed himself that night in the village, and, the next day, he went to London, where, on the following day, he embarked for the continent, leaving his portmanteau, papers, &c. at Lord Peterborough's. *Gent. Mag.* 1797.

THOMAS TUSSER.

Thomas Tusser was one of our earliest didactic poets, in a science of the highest utility, and which produced one of the most beautiful poems of antiquity. The vicissitudes of this man's life have uncommon variety and novelty, for the life of an author, and his history conveys some curious traces of the times as well as of himself. He seems to have been, alike, the sport of fortune, and the dupe of his own discontented disposition and his perpetual propensity to change of situation.

He was born of an ancient family, about the year 1523, at Rivenhall, in Essex, and was placed

as a chorister or singing boy, in the collegite chapel of the castle of Wallingford, in Berkshire. Having a fine voice, he was impressed from Wallingford College into the King's Chapel. Soon afterwards, he was admitted into the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London; where he made great improvements under the instruction of John Redford, the organist, a famous musician. He was next sent to Eton-school, where, at one chastisement, he received fifty-three stripes of the rod, from the severe, but celebrated, Master, Nicholas Udall. His academical education was at Trinity-hall, in Cambridge: but Hatcher affirms, that he was, from Eton-school, admitted a scholar of King's College, in that University, under the year 1543.

From the University, he was called up to Court by his singular and generous patron, William, Lord Paget, in whose family he appears to have been a retainer. In this department he lived ten years, but being disgusted with the vices and wearied with the quarrels of the Courtiers, he retired into the country, and embraced the profession of a farmer, which he successively practised at Ratwood, in Sussex;

Ipswich, in Suffolk ; Fairstead, in Essex ; Norwich, and other places. Here, his patrons were Sir Richard Southwell, and Salisbury, Dean of Norwich. Under the latter, he procured the place of a singing-man in Norwich Cathedral. At length, having, perhaps, too much philosophy and too little experience, to succeed in the business of agriculture, he returned to London, but the plague drove him away from town, and he took shelter in Trinity College, Cambridge.

Without a tincture of careless imprudence, or vicious extravagance, this desultory character seems to have thriven in no vocation. Fuller says, that his stone, *which gathered no moss*, was the stone of Sisyphus. His plough and his poetry were alike unprofitable. He was, by turns, a fiddler and a farmer, a grazier and a poet, with equal success. He died very aged, in London, in 1580 (?) and was buried in Saint Mildred's Church, in the Poultry.

Some of these circumstances, with many others of less consequence, are related by himself, in one of his pieces, entitled " The Author's Life,"—as follows :

What robes how bare, what colledge fare!
What bread how stale, what pennie ale!
Then, Wallingford, how wert thou abhor'd
Of sillie boies!

Thence, for my voice, I must, no choice,
Away of forse, like posting horse;
For sundrie men had placardes then
Such child to take.

The better brest,* the lesser rest,
To serve the queer,† now there, now heer:
For time so spent, I may repent
And sorowe make.

But mark the chance, myself to vance,‡
By friendship's lot to Paule's I got;
So found I grace a certain space,
Still to remaine—

With Redford there, the like no where
For cunning such, and vertue much,
By whom some part of musicke art
So did I gaine.

From Paule's I went, to Eaton sent,
To learne straightwaies the Latin phraies,§
When fiftie-three stripes given to me
At once I had;

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* Voice. † Quire or choir.
‡ Advance. § Phrase or language.

The fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pas, thus beat I was:
See, Udall, see, the mercie of thee
To me, poore lad!

To London hence, to Cambridge thence,
With thankes to thee, O Trinite,
That to thy Hall, so passinge all
I got at last.

There joy I felt, there trim I dwelt, &c.

At length, he married a wife by the name of *Moone*, from whom, for an obvious reason, he expected great inconstancy, but was happily disappointed. To this he alludes in the following stanza of this singular and quaint production.

Though Venus toies, in hope of joies,
I chanced soone to finde a *Moone*
Of cheerfull hew:

Which well and fine, methought, did shine,
And never change, a thing most strange,
And kept in sight her course aright,
And compas trew.

Tusser wrote, during his residence at Ratwood, in Sussex, a work in rhyme entitled *A Hundreth good pointes of Husbandrie*, which was first printed at London, in 1557, and, soon

afterwards, reprinted, with additions and improvements, under the following comprehensive title, "Five hundreth pointes of good Husbandrie, as well for the champion or open countrie, as also for the Woodland or severall, mixed in everie month with Huswiferie, over and besides the booke of Huswiferie. Corrected, better ordered, and newlie augmented a fourth part more, with divers other lessons, as a diet for the farmer, of the properties of windes, planets, hops, herbes, bees, and approved remedies for sheepe and cattell, with manie other matters both profitabell and not unpleasant for the reader. Also a Table of Husbandrie at the begining of this booke, and another of Huswiferie at the end, &c. Newlie set fourth by Thomas Tusser, gentleman." The scientific agriculturist of the present day will be tempted to cast a smile of contempt on the simplicity of our ancestors, with whom this work was in such high estimation as to have passed through at least twenty editions, with great rapidity.

It must be acknowledged, that this old English Georgic has much more of the simplicity

of Hesiod, than of the elegance of Virgil: and a modern reader would suspect, that many of its salutary maxims originally decorated the margins, and illustrated the calendars, of an ancient almanack.

It is without invocations, digressions, and descriptions: no pleasing pictures of rural imagery are drawn from meadows covered with flocks, and fields waving with corn, nor are Pan and Ceres once named; yet it is valuable as a genuine picture of the agriculture, the rural arts, and the domestic economy and customs, of our industrious ancestors.

The following directions for cultivating a Hop-garden, are quoted as a specimen of this unpoetical poem.

> Whom fansie perswadeth, among other crops,
> To have, for his spending, sufficient of hops,
> Must willingly follow, of choises to choose,
> Such lessons approved, as skilful do use.
>
> Ground gravellie, sandie, and mixed with claie,
> Is naughtie for hops, anie manner of waie,
> Or if it be mingled with rubbish and stone,
> For drinesse and barrennesse let it alone.

Choose soile for the hop of the rottenest mould,
Well doonged and wrought, as a garden-plot
should ;
Not far from the water, but not overflowne,
This lesson, well noted, is meete to be knowne.

The sun in the southe, or else southlie and west,
Is joie to the hop, as a welcomed guest.
But wind in the north, or else northerlie east,
To the hop is as ill as a faie in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop-yard, once found as is told
Make thereof account as of jewell of gold ;
Now dig it, and leave it, the sunne for to burne,
And afterwards fence it, to serve for that turne.

The hop for his profit I thus doo exalt:
It strengtheneth drinks, and it favoreth malt ;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—— if ye drawe not too fast.

Our author's general precepts have often an expressive brevity, and are, sometimes, pointed with an epigrammatic turn and a smartness of allusion. As thus :

Save wing for a thresher, when gander doth die ;
Save feathers, of all things, the softer to lie:
Much spice is a theefe, so is candle and fire ;
Sweet sause is as craftie as ever was frier.

Again, under the lessons of the Housewife,

Though cat, a good mouser, doth dwell in a house,
Yet ever in dairie have trap for a mouse.
Take heed how thou laiest the bane* for the rats
For† poisoning thy servant, theself, and thy brats.

And in the following rule of the smaller economies:

Save droppings and skimmings, however ye doo,
For medcine, for cattell, for cart, and for shoo,

In these stanzas on hay making, he rises above his common manner:

Go muster thy servants, be captain thyself,
Providing them weapons, and other like pelfe:
Get bottells and wallets, keepe fielde in the heat,
The feare is as much, as the danger is great.

With tossing and raking and setting on cox,
Grasse latelie in swathes, is haie for an oxe.
That done, go to cart it, and have it awaie:
The battell is faught, ye have gotten the daie.

Such were the rude beginnings in the English language of that species of Poetry, which has been raised by the efforts of later writers to one of the most distinguished stations in the literature of our country.

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* Poison. † For fear of.

DRYDEN'S INCOME.

Dryden had three or four sons; John, Erasmus, Charles, and perhaps another. One of them was a priest, and another a captain in he guards. He left his family estate, of which was about one hundred and twenty pounds a year, to Charles. The Historiographer's and Poet Laureate's places were worth about three hundred pounds a-year to him.

Dryden cleared, every way, about twelve hundred pounds for his *Virgil;* and had sixpence each line for his *Fables.*—For some time he wrote a play at least every year; but, in those days, ten broad pieces was the usual highest price for a play; and if they got fifty pounds more in the acting it was reckoned very well. His *Virgil* was one of the first books that had any thing of a subscription; (and this was a good deal on account of the prints, which were from Ogilby's plates, touched up.)

Spence.

DR. WARTON.

Dr. Warton was invited, while master of Winchester school, to meet a relative of Pope, who, from her connexion with the family, he

was taught to believe could furnish him with much valuable and private information.

Incited by all that eagerness which so strongly characterized him, he, on his introduction, sat immediately close to the lady; and, by inquiring her consanguinity to Pope, entered at once on the subject, when the following dialogue took place: "Pray, Sir, did you not write a book about my cousin Pope?"—"Yes, Madam."—"They tell me it was vastly clever. He wrote a great many plays, did'nt he?"—"I have heard only of one attempt, Madam."—"Oh, no! I beg your pardon, that was Mr. Shakspeare; I always confound them." This was too much even for the Doctor's gallantry; he replied, "Certainly, Madam!" and with a bow, changed his seat to the opposite side of the room, where he sat, to the amusement of a large party, with such a mingled countenance of archness and chagrin; such a struggle between his taste for the ridiculous, and his natural politeness; as could be pourtrayed but by his speaking and expressive face. The Doctor was at length relieved by the breaking up of the company, when he retired home disappointed, yet amused.

EDMUND RYAN.

It has been said that a similarity of feeling exists between the music and poetry of Ireland, as, in common, both excel in the expression of plaintive sorrow :

> " And sure if to thy harp belong
> One dearer—one exclusive tone,
> The mournful cadence of thy song
> Proclaims the chord of grief thy own."

Hence the Irish elegy is considered to be superior to heroic compositions, from the variety of tender and endearing appellations with which the language abounds. Amongst the elegies given by Miss Brooke, that ascribed to Edmund Ryan, or Ned of the Hills as he was familiarly styled, is worthy of being better known.

Ryan, according to tradition, was one of the partizans of James II., and the confiscation of his estate followed the defeat of that monarch at Boyne. Obliged to retire before the victorious forces of William, Ryan headed a party of freebooters termed Rapparees. To a mind capable of producing compositions of exquisite pathos, how revolting must the asso-

ciation with a gang of lawless plunderers have been! Many songs are still extant in Ireland, attributed to Ned of the Hills, and a beautiful popular melody is distinguished by his name.

The following elegy, translated by Miss Brooke, is addressed by Ryan to his mistress, who appears to have forsaken him on his loss of fortune.

"Bright her locks of beauty grew,
Curling fair and sweetly flowing,
And her eyes of smiling blue,
Oh how soft—how heavenly glowing!

Ah! poor plundered heart of pain,
When wilt thou have an end of mourning?
This long, long year I look in vain
To see my only hope returning.
* * * *

Why art thou false to me and love?
(While health and joy with thee are vanish'd)
Is it because forlorn I rove,
Without a crime, unjustly banish'd?
* * * *

Why do I thus my anguish tell—
Why pride in woe—why boast of ruin?
Oh! lost treasure, fare thee well,
Lov'd to madness—to undoing!

Yet, oh hear me fondly swear—
Though thy heart to me is frozen,
Thou alone, of thousands fair,
Thou alone should'st be my chosen!

Every scene with thee would please,
Every care and fear would fly me,
Wintry storms and raging seas
Would lose their gloom if thou wert nigh me.
* * * *

Such, O Love! thy cruel power,
Fond excess and fatal ruin;
Such, O Beauty's fairest flower,
Such thy charms and my undoing!"

THE DEATH-BLOW.

MADAME DE MAINTENON was one of Racine's greatest friends. He had, one day, represented to her, in very strong terms, the miseries which the expensive wars of Louis XIV. had entailed upon his people. She was much struck with the power of his reasoning, and the force of his description; and desired him to draw up for her a memorial on the subject. This she shewed to Louis, who was much displeased at it, and insisted on knowing the author. She had the imprudence to tell him, when he immediately exclaimed, "What! because he

knows how to write good verses, does he pretend to know every thing else; and because he is a great poet, does he think himself capable of being a great minister?"—On being told of this, Racine exclaimed, "I am a dead man!" ran into his bed-chamber and took to his bed, forgetting what he had advanced in the tragedy of *Esther*.

> "What business has that man at Court
> Who cannot many a slight support;
> Nor knows each feeling to beguile,
> And hide those griefs in many a smile,
> Which his sad aching heart oppress
> With ev'ry pang of wretchedness?"

He went, afterwards, to Court, at the request of Madame de Maintenon, but appeared very melancholy and unhappy there, in spite of the notice the King affected to take of him. He died a short time after the disastrous circumstance, and told his friend Boileau, "I love you so much, my dear friend, that I really am glad to die before you. I do not know how I could have lived without you;" and in the same strain of ardent friendship, when, on his death-bed, he applied for the arrears of his own pension, for the sake of his family, he desired his son to ask for those that had been due to Boileau for some time.

"We must never be separated," said he; "and I am anxious to let him know, that I continued his friend to the last moment of my life."

GAY, AND THE SOUTH-SEA BUBBLE.

GAY, in that disastrous year, had a present of some South Sea Stock from young Craggs, and once supposed himself to be master of 20,000*l*. His friends advised him to sell his share; but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase him a hundred a-year for life, "which," said Fenton, "will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This counsel was rejected. The profit and principal were lost, and Gay sunk under the calamity so low that his life became in danger. He was a negligent and a bad manager. The Duke of Queensberry, latterly, took the trouble of taking care of his money for him, and would only let him have what was necessary out of it. He lived principally in that family, and, consequently, did not spend much: when he died, he left upwards of three thousand pounds. He holds not, we conceive, that high station among the

poets which his merits entitle him to; his songs in "The Beggars' Opera," (especially "When the heart of a man, &c.") being some of the finest lyric productions in our language.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

As a poet, Sir Walter Raleigh appears not to be appreciated as he deserves to be. His Poems, which consist, mostly, of short pieces, have not yet been admitted into any of our classical collections; a beautiful and correct, but limited edition, has, however, been published by Sir Egerton Brydges, together with a Memoir of his life. Had Raleigh cultivated his talent for Poetry, there can be no doubt that he would have attained a high rank among the bards of that poetical age; but his genius was too universal to admit of being confined to any one particular pursuit. As his productions are difficult of access, the following specimens of his style will, probably, prove acceptable to the reader. The first is said, (like several other pieces, and, in particular, "The Soul's Farewell," the authenticity of which admirable little Poem is, however, by no means

universally admitted) to have been composed on the eve of his judicial murder.

" Even such is time, that takes no trust;
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust!"

" The Shepherd's description of Love," originally published in " England's Helicon," is of a very different character.

MELIBEUS.

" Shepherd, what's love, I pray thee tell?

FAUSTUS.

It is that fountain, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell:
It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell,
That tolls all into heaven or hell:
And this is Love, as I heard tell.

MELIBEUS.

Yet what is Love, I prithee say?

FAUSTUS.

It is a work on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May,

When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play :
And this is Love, as I hear say.

MELIBEUS.

Yet, what is Love, good Shepherd, sain ?

FAUSTUS.

It is a sunshine mix'd with rain ;
It is a tooth-ach ; or like pain :
It is a game, where none doth gain.
The lass saith no, and would full fain :
And this is Love, as I hear sain.

MELIBEUS.

Yet, Shepherd, what is Love, I pray ?

FAUSTUS.

It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away ;
Then, Nymphs, take 'vantage while ye may :
And this is Love, as I hear say.

MELIBEUS.

Yet what is Love, good Shepherd, show ?

FAUSTUS.

A thing that creeps, it cannot go ;
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for mo,
And he that proves shall find it so,
And, Shepherd, this is Love I trow."

To these, we cannot resist the temptation of adding the following beautiful little Poem, although we are aware that Raleigh's claims as its author are not ascertained with certainty.

"Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?

Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado
Work them into bracelets, too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?

Were her hand as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes,
If she lay them out to take
Kisses, for good manners' sake:
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;

If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not, like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be!"

EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE pitiful weakness evinced by King James the First, in sacrificing to the jealousy of a foreign Court the life of so distinguished and deserving a man as Raleigh, has ever been regarded with feelings of horror and indignation. The manner, too, in which this was effected is such as to brand with infamy all who had any share in the barbarous transaction.

The original conviction, on which, after a lapse of fifteen years, and a virtual, if not legal, pardon subsequently granted, it was thought proper to order his execution, was, in itself, so palpably unjust, and so inconsistent with all law, as to cast a stain, which can never be effaced, on the character of Coke, the Attorney-General,

by whom he was prosecuted, not with the sober and temperate zeal of a public accuser, but with the hatred and malignity of a personal and inveterate foe. And who can think of the base conduct of Lord Bacon, whose splendid talents have merited the reputation of the first Philosopher of modern days, but whose character is for ever sullied by the meanness, dissimulation, craft, and avarice, by which his public life was uninterruptedly marked, without experiencing the deepest feelings of disgust at so degrading a prostitution of talents so conspicuous, to purposes so unworthy? It was this man who, when Raleigh was about to depart on his last ill-fated expedition, advised him to decline the grant of a formal pardon, which was offered him for £700, saying; "Sir, the knee-timber of your voyage is money. Spare your purse in this particular; for, upon my life, you have a sufficient pardon for all that is past already; the King having, under his broad seal, made you Admiral of your fleet, and given you power of martial law over your officers and soldiers." And it was this man who, on his return, as appears by "Dr. Birch's Original Letters," urged the

weak-minded James to take him off on his old sentence for treason, as the only judicial way of proceeding against him.

When, on his return to Plymouth, Raleigh was taken into custody, he wrote a pathetic letter to James, in which he stated the circumstances of his case in a clear and just light. But James was not to be moved by considerations of justice or compassion; and his situation, at length, grew so dangerous, that yielding to the urgent intreaties of his friends, he attempted to make his escape; but he entered into this scheme with so little cordiality, that even after he had got into the boat which was to convey him to a vessel secured for the purpose, he resurrendered himself. Being, afterwards, convinced that his fate was determined on, he applied, in a fit of despair, to one Manowrie, a quack, to assist him in a second attempt. In order to effect this, Manowrie gave him drugs which flung out, upon the whole surface of his body, innumerable blotches and boils, and Raleigh, to forward the success of the plan, condescended, it is said, to many unmanly meannesses. These so far prevailed, that, on account of his apparent ill state of health, he was suffered to

repair to his own house; but Manowrie betrayed the secret to Stuckly, his inveterate keeper, who, though a near relation, had been employed by the Court, first to inveigle Raleigh to land, and afterwards to guard him. This infamous wretch, in consequence of private orders, appeared to encourage the design, and received a considerable sum of money from Raleigh to forward it; indeed, his treacherous dissimulation was carried so far that he actually accompanied his prisoner into a boat, which was immediately beset by the officers of the Court, and Stuckly had the hardened assurance to own the deceit, and carried his kinsman to the Tower. He soon, however, reaped the just reward of his crimes, for he was taken in the fact of clipping the very coin which he had received in reward for his perfidy. He was condemned to be hanged for the offence, and was driven to the streight of selling his shirt to procure his pardon. He withdrew himself to an island in the Severn, where he died raving mad, in less than two years after Raleigh's execution.

On the 28th of October, 1618, and in the sixty-sixth year of his age, Raleigh was taken

out of his bed, though in a fit of the ague, and brought to the King's Bench. He attempted to make a defence, by explaining the justness of his conduct in the expedition, but was interrupted by the Court, who told him that the matter of the voyage had nothing to do in the present case, and that treason could not be pardoned by implication, after sentence was pronounced. He addressed the Court in very pathetic terms for a respite of execution for a few days, that he might settle his private affairs, and vindicate his reputation; but an order was produced, ready signed by the King, though at that time in Hertfordshire, for his execution the next morning. Barbarous as was this haste, it had no effect on the composed mind of the illustrious prisoner. His manly and philosophical deportment, during the interval of his sentence and execution, was admirable; as was also his behaviour on the scaffold.

To some who deplored his misfortunes, he observed, that "the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution." When brought up for sentence, he had an ague fit, to which he alluded when on the scaffold, informing the spectators,

that as he was, the day before, taken out of his bed in a strong fit of a fever, which much weakened him, if any disability of voice or dejection of countenance should appear in him, they would impute it rather to the disorder of his body than any dismayedness of mind.

The mode of his execution is thus related: "Proclamation being made, that all men should depart the scaffold, he prepared himself for death, giving away his hat, and cap, and money to some attendants, who stood near him. When he took leave of the lords and other gentlemen, he intreated the Lord Arundel to desire the King that no scandalous writings to defame him might be published after his death; concluding, 'I have a long journey to go; therefore must take leave.' Then, having put off his gown and doublet, he called to the headsman to shew him the axe; which not being suddenly done, he said, 'I pr'ythee, let me see it: dost thou think that I am afraid of it?' Having fingered the edge of it a little, he returned it, and said smiling, to the sheriff, 'This is a sharp medicine, but it is a sound cure for all diseases;' and having intreated the company to pray to God to assist him and strengthen him, the exe-

cutioner kneeled down and asked him forgiveness, which Raleigh, laying his hand upon his shoulder, granted. Then being asked, which way he would lay himself on the block, he answered, ‘ So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies.’ As he stooped to lay himself along, and reclined his head, his face being towards the east, the executioner spread his own cloak under him. After a little pause, he gave the sign, that he was ready for the stroke, by lifting up his hand, and his head was struck off at two blows, his body never shrinking nor moving.

FRENCH-ENGLISH.

"It is curious," remarks Southey, "to observe how the English Catholics of the 17th century wrote English like men who habitually spoke French. Corps is sometimes used for the living body, and when they attempt to versify, their rhymes are only rhymes according to a French pronunciation.

This path most fair I walking winde
By shadow of my pilgrimage,
Wherein at every step I find
An heavenly draught and image
Of my fraile mortality,
Tending to eternity.

* * *

The tree that bringeth nothing else
But leaves and breathing verdure
Is fit for fire, and not for fruit,
And doth great wrong to Nature.

* * *

But the finest specimen of French-English verse is certainly the inscription which M. Girardin placed at Ermenonville to the memory of Shenstone.

This plain stone,
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he display'd
A mind natural.
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian Greens rural.

Shenstone used to thank God that his name was not liable to a pun. He little thought that it was liable to such a rhyme as this.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.

THE birth-days of such men as Shakspeare ought to be kept, in common gratitude and affection, like those of relations whom we love. He has said, in a line full of him, that

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

How near does he become to us with his thousand touches! The lustre and utility of intellectual power is so increasing in the eyes of the world, that we do not despair of seeing the time when his birth-day will be a subject of public rejoicing; when the regular feast will be served up in tavern and dwelling-house, the bust be crowned with laurel, and the theatres sparkle with illumination.

In the mean time, it is in the power of every admirer of Shakspeare to honour the day privately. Rich or poor, busy or at leisure, all may do it. The busiest finds time to eat his dinner, and may pitch one considerate glass of wine down his throat. The poorest may call him to mind, and drink his memory in honest water. We had mechanically written health, as if he were alive. So he is in spirit;—and the spirit of such a writer is so constantly with us, that it would be a good thing, a judicious extravagance, a contemplative piece of jollity, to drink his health instead of his memory. But this, we fear, should be an impulse. We must content ourselves with having felt it here, and drinking it in imagination. To act upon it, as a proposal of the day before yesterday, might be too much like getting up an extempore gesture, or practising an unspeakable satisfaction.

The following outline may be drawn of the manner, in which such a birth-day might be spent. The tone and colouring would be filled up, of course, according to the taste of the parties. If any of our readers then have leisure as well as inclination to devote a day to the memory of Shakspeare, we would advise them, in

the first place, to walk out, whether alone or in company, and enjoy, during the morning, as much as possible of those beauties of nature, of which he has left us such exquisite pictures. They would take a volume of him in their hands, the most suitable to the occasion; not to hold themselves bound to sit down and read it, if the original work of nature should occupy them too much, but to read it, if they read any thing; and to feel that Shakspeare was with them substantially as well as spiritually;—that they had him with them under their arm. There is another thought connected with his presence, which may render the Londoner's walk the more interesting. Shakspeare had neither the vanity, which induces a man to be disgusted with what every body can enjoy; nor, on the other hand, the involuntary self-degradation, which renders us incapable of enjoying what is abased by our own familiarity of acquaintanceship. About the metropolis, therefore, there is perhaps not a single rural spot, any more than about Stratford-upon-Avon, which he has not himself enjoyed. The south side of London was the one nearest his theatre. Hyde Park was then, as it is now, one of the fashion-

able promenades. Richmond, also, was in high pride of estimation. At Greenwich, Elizabeth held her court, and walked abroad amid the gallant service of the Sydneys and Raleighs. And Hampstead and Highgate, with the country about them, were, as they have been ever since, the favourite resort of the lovers of natural productions. The Mermaid in Cornhill, the Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, are town associations with Shakspeare. The reader who cannot get out of London on his birth-day, and who has the luck to be hard at work in Chancery-lane or the Borough, may be pretty certain that Shakspeare has admired the fields and the May-flowers there; for the fields were close to the latter, perhaps came up to the very walls of the theatre; and the suburban mansion, and gardens of his friend, Lord Southampton, occupied the spot now called Southampton-buildings. It was really a country neighbourhood. The Old Bourne (Holborn) ran by, with a bridge over it; and Gray's Inn was an Academic bower in the fields.

The dinner does not much signify. The sparest or the most abundant will equally suit the various fortunes of the great poet; only it

will be as well for those who can afford wine, to pledge Falstaff in a cup of "sherris sack," which seems to have been a sort of sherry negus. After dinner, Shakspeare's volumes will come well on the table, lying among the desert like laurels, where there is one, and supplying it where there is not. Instead of songs, the persons present may be called upon for scenes. But no stress need be laid on this proposition, if they do not like to read out loud. The pleasure of the day should be as much at liberty as possible; and if the company prefer conversation, it will not be very easy for them to touch upon any subjects which Shakspeare shall not have touched upon also. If the enthusiasm is in high taste, the ladies should be crowned with violets, which (next to the roses of their lips) seem to have been his favourite flower. After tea should come singing and music, especially the songs which Arne set from his plays, and the ballad of "Thou soft-flowing Avon." If an engraving or bust of him could occupy the principal place in the room, it would look like the "present deity" of the occasion; and we have known a very pleasant effect produced by every body's bringing some quotation applicable to him from

his works, and laying it before his image, to be read in the course of the evening.

LEIGH HUNT.

POETRY AND GORMANDIZING.

Camillo Querno, one of the buffoon poets who contributed, by their foibles as well as by their talents, to the amusements of the gay and motley Court of the tenth Leo, was born at Monopoli, in the kingdom of Naples, A. D. 1470. His propensity to gormandizing was so great, that many historians make no mention of him but as a notorious glutton, whose other qualities were too trifling to redeem this unpardonable sin. He seems, however, early to have listened to the whisperings of his art, and ere he quitted his native country had composed a poem of 20,000 verses, called Alexias, in which, as it frequently happens, the author discovered more beauties than were clear to the indifferent reader. On its merits he determined to risk his reception at Rome, and, accordingly, proceeded thither with his poem.

On his arrival, he presented himself to the scholars of the academy, and courted their inspection of his performance. The gentlemen,

however, whom he chanced to meet, were much more inclined to merriment than criticism, loved a joke a great deal better than a poem, and concluding from the grotesque rusticity of his costume, the convivial ruddiness of his features, and the uncultivated shagginess of his long black hair, that he was a much fitter subject to laugh at, than to laugh with, voted him at once more likely to contribute to their amusement than do honour to their patronage. They, therefore, prepared an entertainment in a small island in the Tiber, to which Querno was invited; and while he was displaying his poetical as well as his guzzling qualities, and doing full as much justice to Liber Pater as to the Muses, they entwined a new wreath of poppies, cabbage, and laurel, and placing it solemnly upon his temples unanimously declared him "Arch-poet."

Querno, inflated by an honour so far above his most sanguine expectations, thought himself quite competent to appear before the Pope, was presented, and displayed before his Holiness his versifying talents. Leo soon perceived how great an addition the Improvisatore might prove to the hilarity of his entertainments, and, accordingly, ordered him to be regularly admitted. With

the notion of making the hope of gratifying his gluttony an incentive to his muse, he was always kept at some distance from the table, and little delicacies were occasionally sent him to provoke him to exertion. After he had devoured these with the most disgusting avidity, the Pope had him placed nearer to himself, and filling a tumbler of the choicest wine, promised it to him on the express condition, that he should immediately produce two extemporaneous verses at least, which if he failed to do, or his verses were not approved, he was condemned not only to forfeit his wine, but to swallow an equal quantity of pure water, or of wine very considerably diluted. On one of these tantalizing occasions, the disappointment seems to have produced what expectation could not, and Querno very appropriately, on receiving his penance, exclaimed:

"In cratere meo, Thetisest conjuncta Lyæo
Est dea juncta deo, sed dea major eo."

In my goblet Lyæus and Thetis combine
The Goddess of Ocean, and God of the Vine;
But as oft haps to mortals, in spite of their vows
In this union his Godship must yield to his spouse.

The usual lot of buffoons was, at length, that of poor Querno. The applause of one moment was often effaced by the insults of the next; and we are told that some pointed witticisms did, on one occasion, so irritate the feelings of his patron, as to earn for the protégé very violent marks of his displeasure. An additional mortification was provided for him in the great superiority of Marone, who was universally acknowledged to be the first *Improvisatore* of his time; and between the caprice of the Pontiff and the occasional outrages of his company, he retired from Court in disgust.

BAGDANOVICH.

Hippolitus Bagdanovich has obtained the title of the Russian Anacreon, and his productions appear fairly to have merited this honourable distinction. His most celebrated performance is the "Dushenka," a lovely and graceful Poem, formed on the model of La Fontaine's "Psyche," and so popular among his countrymen, that Karamsin enthusiastically exclaims, "Where exists the Russian who has not read Dushenka?" In selecting from the Russian Anthology the following simple and beautiful song,

we cannot refrain from expressing the pleasure which we have derived from this and other similar works of Mr. Bowring, who, to an unbounded command of the beauties of his own tongue adds the most extensive acquaintance with almost every European language, and who, in the various selections which he has given to the world, combines more than the usual fidelity of a translator, with all the graces of poetry, and with all the ease and spirit of original genius.

THE INEXPERIENCED SHEPHERDESS.

"I'm fourteen summers old, I trow,
'Tis time to look about me now:
'Twas only yesterday, they said,
I was a silly, silly maid;—
'Tis time to look about me now.

The shepherd-swains so rudely stare,
I must reprove them, I declare;
This talks of beauty—*that* of love—
I'm such a fool I can't reprove—
I *must* reprove them, I declare.

'Tis strange—but yet I hope no sin;
Something unwonted speaks within:

Love's language is a mystery,
And yet I feel, and yet I see,—
O what is this that speaks within ?

The shepherd cries, " I love thee, sweet ;"
" And I love *thee*," my lips repeat :
Kind words, they sound as sweet to me
As music's fairest melody ;
" I love thee," oft my lips repeat.

His pledge he brings,—I'll *not* reprove ;
O no ! I'll take that pledge of love ;
To thee my guardian dog I'd give,
Could I without that guardian live :
But still I'll take thy pledge of love.

My shepherd's crook I'll give to thee ;—
O no ! my father gave it me—
And treasures by a parent given,
From a fond child should ne'er be riven —
On no ! my father gave it me.

But thou shalt have you lambkin fair—
Nay ! 'tis my mother's fondest care ;
For every day she joys to count
Each snowy lambkin on the mount ;
I'll give thee then no lambkin fair.

But stay, my shepherd ! wilt thou be
For ever faithful—fond to me ?

A sweeter gift I'll then impart,
And thou shalt have—a maiden's heart,
If thou wilt give thy heart to me."

REV. R. C. MATURIN.

This singular individual, whose poetry and eccentricities have latterly excited so much public attention in Dublin, was undoubtedly a man of genius, though it manifested itself, even in his most successful efforts, more in the play of imagination, than in the refinements of a correct taste or the coherency of intellectual power. His conduct and deportment as a man corresponded with his character as an author. Both were strongly marked with the same mixture of folly and inspiration—or, perhaps, we ought rather to have said possession: for there was a sort of bewilderingness even in the brightest sallies, whether in his intercourse with mankind or with the Muse.

Before the tragedy of Bertram was produced at Drury-lane Theatre, and received with such distinguished approbation, Mr. Maturin was the humble, unknown, and unnoticed curate of St. Peter's, Dublin; from which he derived a stated income of £70, or at the utmost £100, per

annum. In the same unostentatious corner of the prodigal Church-Establishment of Ireland, he died. Mr. Maturin, however, was at no period entirely dependent upon the emoluments of his curacy. He had published one or two novels; and he, besides, prepared a few young gentlemen to pass the entrance examinations of Trinity College, who for that purpose resided with him in his house, York-street, Dublin. But, notwithstanding these resources, Mr. Maturin's aspirations surpassed them; and, like men of talent in general, whose purses are mostly disproportionate to their desires, he was constantly beset with difficulties.

The curate of St. Peter's was exceedingly vain both of his person and accomplishments; and as his income would not allow him to attract attention by the splendour of his dress and manners, he seldom failed to do so by their singularity. Mr. Maturin was tall, slender, but well-proportioned, and, on the whole, a good figure, which he took care to display in a well-made black coat, tightly buttoned, and some odd light-coloured stocking-web pantaloons, surmounted, in winter, by a coat of prodigious dimensions, gracefully thrown on, so as not to

obscure the symmetry it affected to protect. The Rev. Gentleman sang and danced, and prided himself on performing the movements and evolutions of the quadrille, certainly equal to any other divine of the Established Church, if not to any private lay gentleman of the three kingdoms. It often happened, too, that Mr. Maturin either laboured under an attack of gout, or met with some accident, which compelled the use of a slipper or a bandage, on one foot or one leg, and, by an unaccountable congruity of mischances, he was uniformly compelled on these occasions to appear in the public thoroughfares of Dublin, where the melancholy spectacle of a beautiful limb in pain never failed to excite the sighs and sympathies of all the interesting persons who passed, as well as to prompt their curiosity to make audible remarks or inquiries respecting the possessor.

The effect upon a person of this temperament of the unexpected success of Bertram, led to some untoward consequences. The profits of the representation, and the copyright of that tragedy, exceeded, perhaps, one thousand pounds, while the praises bestowed upon its author by critics of all classes, convinced Mr. Maturin that

he had only to sit down and concoct any number of plays he pleased, each yielding him a pecuniary return, at least equal to the first. Unfortunately, the brightest hopes of genius are often the most fallacious, and so it proved in the present instance. A few months produced a second tragedy, which failed, and with it faded away the dreams of prosperity, in which the author of Bertram indulged. Time enabled Mr. Maturin gradually to extricate himself from embarrassments, occasioned by the failure of his hopes; and having thus had the wings of his ambition somewhat shortened, he in future pursued a safer flight. His eccentricities, however, remained in their former vigour, and in the coteries of Lady Morgan, or the romantic solitudes of Wicklow, the vain oddities of the curate of St. Peter's continued as remarkable as during the height of his tragic triumphs.

Of late years, his pen was chiefly employed on works of romance, in which he evinced great powers of imagination and fecundity of language, with evident and lamentable carelessness in the application of both. He wrote rather for money than for fame, and drew a considerable revenue from the sale of his productions.

He died October 30, 1824, after a protracted illness.

LA HARPE.

The Academy of Rouen having proposed a subject for a prize in poetry; when the pieces for competition were read, the judges were unanimous in acknowledging the superiority to two odes, but the difficulty that now arose was, to which to give the preference: at length, after long discussion, finding that they were unable to decide otherwise, they determined to divide the prize between their respective authors. On opening the sealed billets sent with them, they found in each the name of La Harpe.

PARNELL.

Ruffhead, on the authority of Warburton, gives the following account of the cause which led to Parnell's intemperance.

"When Parnell had been introduced by Swift to Lord-Treasurer Oxford, and had been established in his favour by the assistance of Pope, he soon began to entertain ambitious views. The walk he chose to shine in, was, popular preaching: he had talents for it, and began to be dis-

tinguished in the *mob-places* of Southwark and London; when the Queen's sudden death destroyed all his prospects, and at a juncture when famed preaching was the readiest road to preferment. This fatal stroke broke his spirits; he took to drinking, became a sot, and soon finished his course."

MINUTE WRITING.

THE "Iliad" of Homer, in a nut-shell, which Pliny says Cicero once saw, might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible.

Antiquity and modern times record many such penmen, whose merit consisted in writing in so small a hand, that what was written could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole "Iliad" in so very confined a space, that it could be enclosed even in a nut-shell.

Menage states, that he read an Italian poem in praise of the Dauphiness of France, containing some thousand verses, written by an Officer, in the space of a foot and a half.*

* It is worthy of remark, that this species of "curious idling" has not been neglected in our country. About a

CORONATION OF BARABALLO.

Baraballo, Abate di Gaeta, who flourished in the days of Leo the Tenth, is far more famous for his inordinate vanity and ludicrous conceit, than for any real merit. He carried his stupid vanity so far as to compare his improvisations to the sonnets of Petrarch, and actually claimed the honour which that poet had received, of being crowned in the Capitol. This idea opened a fine prospect of amusements to Leo and his Court; his pretensions were acknowledged by acclamation, and it was arranged that his coronation should take place upon the festival of St. Cosmus and Damian. The Pope was so enchanted with the ludicrous anticipation of Baraballo's self-complacency, and of his utter insensibility to the real nature of the part he had to play, and of

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century ago, this minute writing was a fashionable curiosity. A drawing of the Head of Charles I. is in the Library of St. John's College, Oxford: it is wholly composed of minutely written characters, which, at a small distance, resemble the lines of engraving. The lines of the head and the ruff contain the Book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer.

the applause he was to receive, that he determined to give every possible éclat to the farce, and assemble all Rome to witness the ridiculous exhibition. Baraballo, too, within sight of the very summit of his ambition, resolved that the ceremony should proceed with the utmost magnificence, and this inclination received every encouragement from the courtiers, who naturally concluded that the more pageantry surrounded him, the greater was their dupe.

It happened about this time that a very large elephant had been presented to Leo by the King of Portugal, and it was suggested and finally agreed, that the elephant should convey the Improvisatore to the Capitol. On the appointed day, the "Eternal City" was on the alert to catch a glimpse of the procession ; every avenue to the Vatican was crowded to suffocation; elegantly dressed females, the rank and beauty of Rome, of course, decorated the windows, and the air resounded with *vivas,* and shouts in honour of Baraballo. He himself was betimes at the palace, from whence the *cortège* was to proceed, and was feasting upon the honour that awaited him, when a deputation was announced from Gaeta, where the

friends of the Abate enjoyed some consideration. The deputation was admitted to the presence of Baraballo, who received them in the costume which was worn by the triumphant generals of ancient Rome. He was clad in a garment of purple, embroidered with gold, and was surrounded by witlings, who were loading him with congratulatory mockeries.

Baraballo, elated by this new mark of attention, had begun in pompous verse to express his acknowledgements to his fellow-citizens of Gaeta, for the interest they took in his good fortune, when they interrupted him by earnest entreaties not to dishonour his family, and stamp ludicrous notoriety upon his birth-place, by exposing himself to the jests and ribaldry of Rome. This unexpected rebuff, instead of cooling the ardour of Baraballo, only roused him to exertion. He burst into a violent paroxysm of rage, vented in impromptu verse the most violent imprecations upon the deputation, which he accused of mean and sordid jealousy at the distinction he had reached, and leaving them abruptly and in anger, mounted his elephant amid the suppressed laughter of the Court and acclamations of the populace.

He had not, however, proceeded very far, before some misgivings overtook him of the honorary character of the proceedings: the jibes of the people became, at length, too unequivocal, to be mistaken—He saw through the *double-entendre* or the insincerity of every fresh compliment he received, and by the time he had arrived at the Ponte S. Angelo, he had become excessively impatient, and had given his attendants several indications that their fulsome flattery was offensive. Shame and mortification still chained him to his seat; and had not an impediment occurred where it was not expected, this extravagant pantomime must have been consummated. Luckily, however, for the Abate, further than the Ponte S. Angelo the elephant would not move. It seemed to have conspired with the Nine Sisters to prevent the profanation of an honour, until then only enjoyed by their darling votaries, and nothing could induce it to proceed. It was soon understood that another conveyance would be supplied to complete the burlesque; but in the midst of the hurry Baraballo had disappeared, and having doffed his triumphant robes, sneaked to his lodging.

POPE'S "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

THE "Rape of the Lock," the most airy, the most ingenious, the most delightful, of all Pope's compositions," (says Dr. Johnson,) was occasioned by a frolic of gallantry rather too familiar, in which, when they were out in company with a party, Lord Petre cut off a lock of the Honorable Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This act of gallantry was rather intended as a compliment, but was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, both very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl solicited Pope to effect a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both parties to a better understanding. In compliance with the request of that gentleman, (though his name was only marked for a long time with the first and last letters, C—L,) a poem of two cantos was written [1711], as it is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended lady, who liked it well enough to shew it; and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it. The event is said to have been such as was desired—the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related.

RAPIN

was a poet and a provost-marshal, two characters not often united in the same person. He told the Monks who attended him in his last moments, that the only good action which he had to congratulate himself upon in his younger days was, his persecuting the contagion of Atheism in Paris. He said, "that about the year 1580, there came to Paris a foreigner of a subtle and factious spirit, who, having made himself acquainted with the celebrated wits of that city, (of whom Ronsard, the poet, was the chief,) began to publish his pernicious and abominable maxims against the Deity, which had already staggered the minds of some of them. I soon afterwards caused him to be hung and burnt by a decree of the Parliament of Paris. Ronsard, at last, came over to my opinion, and wrote his poem against the Atheists, which begins, 'O ciel, O terre, O Dieu, Père commun.'

"Had it not been for us, France, perhaps, would have been a sink of Atheists to this day."

RONSARD.

THE poems of this learned man were much

esteemed by the late Sir William Jones, who was an excellent critic.

Ronsard was called, by the princes and wits of his time, "The French Poet," by way of eminence; so that with less vanity he might say that he was born in the year in which Francis the First was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia—"that Heaven appeared, by that circumstance, inclined to make France some amends for its loss on that day." Like all persons who are distinguished by the attention of the public, he had his friends and his enemies. Among the latter, of Rabelais he was the most afraid, who, when they met together, never failed to ridicule him. This, Ronsard took care should happen but seldom, by obtaining information, whenever he was invited to a party, whether Rabelais would be among the number. It is said, that Voltaire took the same precaution with regard to Piron, the Epigrammatist. With what proper contempt Ronsard treated a scandalous imputation upon his moral and religious character, the following letter to his friend Passerat will evince.

"1556.—Since I wrote to you, my dear friend, Lambin has supped with me, and has shewn me

your Latin letter, in which I observed how the good Huguenots of Bourges (for they can be no other persons) have spread a report about the town that Lambin said publicly in the pulpit, 'That now the world was delivered from three Atheists, Moret, Ronsard, and Gouveau.' I have, indeed, acquired nothing by this news but the honour of having my name joined to that of those gentlemen, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to loosen. I can only wish, that whenever people choose to calumniate me, they would do it in the same manner; and I should ever esteem myself happy to be able to equal the virtue, the learning, the integrity, of those two great men, and even of Moret, whom I have ever known to be a man of honour. I do not indeed know, whether M. Lambin said this or not. It is a matter of no consequence; and on the strength of it, I intend to go to-morrow to the 'Three Fish,' to drink myself into your good graces; recommending myself, with all my heart, to your indulgent Muses."

GARTH'S LAST ILLNESS.

When Dr. Garth had been for a good while in a bad state of health, he sent, one day, for a

physician, with whom he was particularly intimate, and conjured him to tell him sincerely, whether he thought he should be ever able to get rid of his illness or not. His friend, thus conjured, told him, "that he thought he might struggle on with it, perhaps for some years, but that he much feared he could never get the better of it entirely." Dr. Garth thanked him for dealing so fairly with him, turned the discourse to other things, and talked all the rest of the time he staid with him. As soon as he was gone, he called for his servant, said he was a good deal out of order, and would go to bed: he then sent for a surgeon to bleed him. Soon after, he sent for a second surgeon, by a different servant, and was bled in the other arm. He then said he wanted rest; and when every body had quitted the room, he took off the bandages, and lay down with the design of bleeding to death. His loss of blood made him faint away, and that stopped the bleeding: he afterwards sunk into a sound sleep, slept all the night, waked in the morning without his usual pains, and said, "if it would continue so, he could be content to live on." In his last illness, he did

not use any remedies, but let the distemper take its course. He was the most agreeable companion I ever knew.*

SPENCE.

SCHILLER'S CHILDHOOD.

When only three years old, we are told, that the celebrated author of "The Robbers" manifested an extraordinary eagerness after knowledge, great quickness of apprehension, and an incessantly active imagination. He disliked the usual sports of children; and one of his favourite amusements consisted in the contemplation of his father's little collection of pictures and profiles, consisting chiefly of oil paintings of heroes, princes, and relatives of the family. Here he would pass whole hours, steadfastly

* Garth has been censured for voluptuousness, and accused of infidelity. Being one day questioned by Addison upon his religious creed, he is said to have replied, "that he was of the religion of wise men;" and being urged to explain himself farther, he added, "that wise men kept their own secrets." Pope says of him, in his "Farewell to London," 1715,

"—— Garth, the best, good Christian he,
Although he knows it not."

gazing on one picture after another, and attempting to copy them. Among these paintings was one representing the storming of Magdeburg by Tilly, and the scenes of horror which ensued. It was the best and largest piece in the collection. Tilly, with his right hand against his side, and the look of a bloodthirsty tyrant, was seen riding through the streets. Groups of weeping females, persons of all ages running away from the infuriated soldiers, burning and falling houses, and all the scenes of woe that attended the steps of Tilly, were the subjects of this picture. Young Schiller, then about six years old, was highly interested by the many expressive faces in this delineation of the rude manners of a former age; and one day, laying sacrilegious hands on this heir-loom, which had already descended from father to son for several generations, he cut it up into as many pieces as there were figures. These he pasted upon paper, where horse and foot in mingled ranks followed their sanguinary leader, whose whole face the boy had blackened, to make him look more frightful. Then came, upon another piece of paper, a long row of men, women, and children; each man being accompanied by a woman and

a child. The aged of both sexes concluded the procession. In short, he had recomposed the whole in his own way; and, upon a third paper, he had placed the heads of children on the bodies of old men, and affixed those of young persons to the bodies of old women, while a Croat, with uplifted sword, appeared, perhaps, with the face of a modest damsel, and a plundering officer with the head of a spirited horse. In this manner, he transformed a single piece into a whole gallery, the third division of which, in particular, was not unlike some of Hogarth's caricatures. It may easily be supposed that his father, who prized this piece very highly, bestowed on him no very agreeable reward for his pains.

Not long after this, black clouds one day announced an approaching thunder-storm. Flashes of lightning began to dart through the atmosphere. Inquiry was made for the boy, but he was nowhere to be found. The tempest, meanwhile, came nearer and nearer; the thunder rolled awfully, and lightnings burst from the bosom of the murky clouds. The anxiety of the parents, on account of the child, increased with every clap. The whole family was employed in seeking him. He was at length found,

just at the moment of descending from the top of a very tall lime-tree near the house. "For God's sake," cried his father, in the greatest alarm, "where have you been?" "I only wanted to see," replied the fearless and inquisitive boy, "where all that fire came from."

HOOLE'S "TASSO."

By far the best-known translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered," of Tasso, is Mr. Hoole's. It has appeared, and still appears, in editions of all sizes; and is gathered, as a matter of course, into collections of the British Poets. The sole reason of this is, not that Mr. Hoole translated the work, but that his original was Tasso. It is the name of Tasso, solely, that has carried him on from generation to generation, like a corpse attached to the immortal spirit of the Italian, and making it dull with the burden.

The re-publication, in various quarters, of the finer translation by Fairfax, will doubtless help to detach one idea from the other; but as Mr. Hoole's version has also been often reprinted of late, and as Fairfax himself presents some difficulties in the way of popularity, a few observa-

tions on the two works may not be useless in furthering the public interests of poetry.

Hoole is a singular example of the popularity which a man may obtain, by taking up a great author to translate, with whom he has nothing in common, and merely subserving to the worst taste of the times. It was lucky for this gentleman, that he had the period he wrote in, almost all to himself. There was not a single real poet surviving, except Cowper.—Gray, Armstrong, Akenside, Collins, Churchill,—every body was gone who was likely to detect him publicly; and the age, in every respect, was then in the fulness of its poetical emptiness. The French school was in its last weedy exuberance. The apprentices and their mistresses, in their pretty transparent Acrostic masks, walked forth by hundreds to meet each other in Poet's Corner in the magazines; and as nobody knew any thing about poetry, except that it had to repeat "ingenious" common-places, to rhyme upon heart, improve, love, prove, &c., and to pause, as Pope did, upon the fourth and fifth syllables, every body could write poetry, and admit it in others: Pope, whose real merits they

did not understand after all, was the greatest poet that ever lived; next to him were Goldsmith, and Collins, and Gray; the two latter, however, were very little understood: then, or, perhaps, before them, was Dr. Johnson, whom our master at school gave us as a poetical model: then came, in their respective circles, though at due distance, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Tomkins, or Mr. Hopkins, who wrote lines on the beautiful Miss Y. of Bristol, or the charming Miss Z. of Fish Street Hill; and nothing was wanting to make such a person as Mr. Hoole a great and popular writer with those gentlemen and ladies, but that he should write a great quantity of verses; which he accordingly did.

That Dr. Johnson should speak a good word for Mr. Hoole, much less write a Dedication for him, is not surprising; though what a poet must he be, who goes to another to write a Dedication for him! Johnson was in the habit of writing Dedications for those who were conscious of not being good turners of a prose paragraph, and who wished to approach the great with a proper one; and Mr. Hoole, it seems, was among these modest persons, though he did not scruple to approach Tasso and Ariosto with his poetry.

The Dedication, which is to the late Queen, and which expresses a wish that Tasso had lived in a happier time, and experienced from the descendants of the House of Este, "a more liberal and potent patronage," is elegant and to the purpose. The good word is a mere word, and very equivocal besides. Johnson, who is now pretty generally understood not to have been so good a critic in poetry, as he was strong in general understanding, and justly eminent in some respects, might have been very capable of applauding a translation upon Mr. Hoole's principles; but it is more than to be suspected, that he would have desired a higher order of workmanship out of the manufactory. Hoole was a pitch too low for his admiration, though it appeared he had private qualities sufficient to secure his good wishes; and even those, there is good reason to conclude, could not have prevented a feeling of contempt for a translator of great poets, who could come to him for a Dedication. When Boswell, in one of his maudlin fits of adulation, affected to consider something with Goldsmith's name to it as supplied by the Doctor, the latter could not restrain his scorn; and said, that Goldsmith would no more come

to him for a paragraph, than he would to be fed with a pap-spoon. And it is curious to observe, after all, how, and in what place, Johnson has said his good word for our translator. It is at the end of the Life of Waller, and amounts to this coy prophecy;—that Fairfax's work, "after Mr. Hoole's translation, will not soon be reprinted."

LEIGH HUNT.

FAIRFAX'S "TASSO."

Edward Fairfax led a life which a brother poet might envy. He was of a distinguished family, the same as that of Fairfax, the Parliament General; and having an estate of his own, and the greater estates of leisure and genius, he passed the whole of his days at a seat in the Forest of Knaresborough, in the bosom of his family, and in the cultivation of poetry. He appears to have had all, and more than a poet wants,—tranquillity, a fortune beyond competence, books, rural scenes, and an age that could understand him. He flourished just at the close of that golden period, that height and strong summer-time of our poetry, when language, wisdom, and imagination were alike at

their noblest, and thoughts were poured forth as profusely as words have been since. He was inclined to the music of verse; and the age was full of music, of every species;—he was of a romantic, and, most probably, superstitious turn of mind; and popular superstitions were still more in favour, than during the preceding era;—he had, perhaps, something of the indolence of a man of fortune; and, in the course of his Italian luxuries, he met with a poet, whose tendencies were like his own, and who was great enough to render the task of translation honorable as well as delightful.

He accordingly produced a version of Tasso, which we do not say is equal to the original, or at all exempt from errors which a future translator (always provided he is a poet too) may avoid; but which we, nevertheless, do not hesitate to pronounce the completest translation, and most like its original, of any we have ever seen.

We do not wonder that Collins was fond of this author, and Fairfax, his translator, since Johnson has told us, in that piece of prose music of his, that "he loved fairies, genii, and monsters,"—that "he delighted to rove through the

meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, and to repose by the water-falls of Elysium." Collins has given Fairfax a high and proud eulogy, in his Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands.—Speaking of Tasso, he says,

> "How have I sat, when piped the pensive wind,
> To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung,
> Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders which he sung:"—

And then he goes on in a strain of softness and luxury, that seems inspired by the object of his praise. Yet Collins, be it observed, was an accomplished scholar, and quite conversant with the merits of the original. Indeed, that was one great cause of his eulogy. Waller, who appears to have known Italian, and Dryden, who, undoubtedly, did so, were both great admirers of Fairfax. Waller professed to have "derived the harmony of his numbers" from him; and so did Dryden, if a reported speech of his to the Duke of Buckingham is to be taken for granted. He gives him high praise at any rate, and joins him with Spenser as "great masters in our language." But his greatest title to

regard, on the score of authority, comes from Milton, who, when he borrowed from Tasso, took care to look at Fairfax also, and to add now and then something from him by the way.

LORD BYRON AND GOETHE.

THE following extract from Goethe offers a novel, at least, if not authentic anecdote, of Lord Byron, and which, among the vast variety of detail, true or false, with which the press has lately teemed, concerning the Noble Bard, may serve to amuse the reader, as exhibiting the ideas entertained by the first of German writers, with respect to his Lordship's character, and the manner in which that character had been formed.

"The tragedy of Manfred, by Lord Byron, is a most singular performance, and one which concerns me nearly. This wonderful and ingenious poet has taken possession of my *Faust*, and hypochondriacally drawn from it the most singular nutriment. He has employed the means in it which suit his object, in a particular manner, so that no one thing remains the same; and, on this account, I cannot sufficiently admire his ability. The re-cast is so peculiar, that a

highly interesting lecture might be given on its resemblance, and want of resemblance, to its model—though I cannot deny, that the gloomy fervour of a rich and endless despair becomes at last wearisome to us. However, the displeasure which we feel is always connected with admiration and esteem.

"The very quintessence of the sentiments and passions, which assist in constituting the most singular talent for self-commentary ever known, is contained in this tragedy. The life and poetical character of Lord Byron can hardly be fairly estimated. Yet he has often enough avowed the source of his torments; he has repeatedly pourtrayed it; but hardly any one sympathises with the insupportable pain with which he is incessantly struggling.

"Properly speaking, he is continually pursued by the ghosts of two females, who play great parts in the above-named tragedy, the one under the name of Astarte, the other without figure or visibility, merely a voice.

"The following account is given of the horrible adventure which he had with the former:

"'When a young, bold, and highly attractive personage, he gained the favour of a Florentine

lady: the husband discovered this, and murdered his wife; but the *murderer was found dead in the street the same night,* under circumstances which did not admit of attaching suspicion to any one.'

"Lord B. fled from Florence, and seems to drag spectres after him ever afterwards.

"This strange incident receives a high degree of probability, from innumerable allusions in his poems; as, for instance, in his application of the story of Pausanias to himself.

"What a wounded heart must the poet have, who selects from antiquity such an event, applies it to himself, and loads his tragic resemblance with it!"

AUTHORS' CLUB.

"THE poet, in shabby finery, holding a manuscript in his hand, was earnestly endeavouring to persuade the company to hear him read the first book of an heroic poem, which he had composed the day before. But against this, all the members objected. They knew no reason why any member of the club should be indulged with a particular hearing, when many of them had published whole volumes, which had never been looked in. They insisted that the law

should be observed, where reading in company was expressly noticed. It was in vain that the plaintiff pleaded the peculiar merit of his piece; he spoke to an assembly insensible to all his remonstrances: the book of laws was opened, and read by the secretary; where it was expressly enacted, 'That whatsoever poet, speech-maker, critic, or historian, should presume to engage the company, by reading his own works, he was to lay down *sixpence* previous to opening the manuscript, and should be charged one shilling an hour while he continued reading; the said shilling to be equally distributed among the company, as a recompence for their trouble.'

"Our poet seemed, at first, to shrink at the penalty, hesitating, for some time, whether he should deposit the fine or shut up the poem; but looking round, and perceiving two strangers in the room, his love of fame outweighed his prudence, and, laying down the sum by law established, he insisted on his prerogative.

"A profound silence ensuing, he began by explaining his design:—'Gentlemen,' says he, 'the present piece is not one of your common epic poems, which come from the press like paper kites in summer: there are none of your

Turnuses or Didos in it; it is an heroical description of nature. I only beg you'll endeavour to make your souls in unison with mine, and hear with the same enthusiasm with which I have written. The poem begins with the description of an author's bed-chamber: the picture was sketched in my own apartment; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am myself the hero.' Then, putting himself into the attitude of an orator, with all the emphasis of voice and action, he proceeded:—

"Where the Red Lion staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view;
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire;

With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board:
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night——a stocking all the day!"

"With this last line he seemed so much elated, that he was unable to proceed: 'There, gentlemen,' cries he, 'there is a description for you; Rabelais's bed-chamber is but a fool to it:—

'*A cap by night——a stocking all the day.*'

There is sound, and sense, and truth, and nature, in the trifling compass of ten little syllables.'

"He was too much employed in self-admiration to observe the company; who, by nods, winks, shrugs, and stifled laughter, testified every mark of contempt. He turned severally to each for their opinion, and found all, however, ready to applaud. At last, addressing himself to the President, 'And pray, Mr. Squint,' says he, 'let us have your opinion.' 'Mine?' answered the President, (taking the manuscript out of the author's hands,)—'may this glass suffocate me, but I think it equal to any thing I have seen; and I fancy,' (continued he,) doubling up the

poem, and forcing it into the author's pocket, 'that you will get great honour when it comes out; so I shall beg leave to put it in. We shall not intrude upon your good nature in desiring to hear more of it at present; '*ex ungue Herculem;*' we are satisfied, perfectly satisfied.' The author made two or three attempts to pull it out a second time, and the President made as many to prevent him. Thus, though with reluctance, he was obliged at last to sit down, contented with the commendations for which he had paid."

GOLDSMITH'S ESSAYS.

POPE'S VILLA.

POPE purchased an estate at Twickenham, in the year 1715, and resided there the remainder of his life. Within the walls of the same villa that had witnessed his rise in literary fame, he died, on the 30th of May, 1744.

The house was not large, but sufficiently commodious for the wants of an English gentleman, whose friends visited himself rather than his dwelling, and who were superior to the necessity of stately ceremonials. Here, Pope wrote most of his Letters and Poems which have commu-

nicated to English versification so great a portion of its harmony. In the sequestered shade of this retirement, "near Thames' translucent wave," he entertained Swift, Gay, Lord Bolingbroke, and other bright spirits of the age, who

> "—— mingled, with the friendly bowl,
> The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

After the death of Pope, this interesting spot was sold to Sir William Stanhope, and, subsequently, was in the possession of Lord Mendip, who carefully preserved every vestige connected with a residence so celebrated. In the year 1807, the premises were purchased by the Baroness Howe; and we regret to state, that this lady has caused the house in which the Poet lived, to be entirely taken down. A new dwelling, preferable, in the esteem of her Ladyship, (chiefly, we suppose, because it is new,) has been erected, about one hundred yards from the site of Pope's House.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOE, OR MARLOW.

This best of English Tragic Poets before Shakspeare, and whom Phillips calls "a kind of second Shakspeare," was born about 1562.

There is no account extant of his family; but "it is well known," says Baker, "that he was of Bene't College, in the University of Cambridge, where he took the degree of B. A. 1583, and M. A. 1587." He, however, quitted the academic bower, and went on the stage.

Thomas Heywood styles him the "best of poets;" and Drayton also has bestowed a high panegyric on him, in the "Censure of the Poets," in these lines:

> "Next Marloe bath'd in Thespian springs,
> Had in him those brave translunary things,
> That your first poets had; his raptures were
> All air and fire, which made his verses clear:
> For that fine madness still he did retain,
> Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

Ben Jonson also speaks of "Marlow's mighty line."

"His tragedies," says Warton, "manifest traces of a just dramatic conception, but they abound with tedious and uninteresting scenes, or with such extravagancies as proceeded from a want of judgment, and those barbarous ideas of the times, over which it was the peculiar gift of Shakspeare's genius alone, to triumph and predominate."

Marloe's tragical death is thus related by Wood: "This Marloe, we are told, presuming upon his own little wit, thought proper to practise the most Epicurean indulgence, and openly professed Atheism. He denied God our Saviour; he blasphemed the adorable Trinity; and, as it was reported, wrote several discourses against it, affirming our Saviour to be a deceiver, the sacred Scriptures to contain nothing but idle stories, and all religion to be a device of policy and priestcraft. But Marloe came to a very untimely end, as some have remarked, in consequence of his execrable blasphemies. It happened, that he fell deeply in love with a low girl, and had for his rival a fellow in livery, who looked more like a pimp than a lover. Marloe, fired with jealousy, and having some reason to believe that his mistress granted the fellow favours, rushed upon him to stab him with his dagger: but the footman being quick, avoided the stroke, and, catching hold of Marloe's wrist, stabbed him with his own weapon; and, notwithstanding all the assistance of the surgery, he soon after died of the wound, before the year 1593."

His plays, by which he is better known than by any of his other productions, are—

1. "Tamerlane, the Great Scythian Emperor." Two Parts.

2. "The Rich Jew of Malta."

3. "The Tragical History of the Life and Death of Dr. John Faustus."

4. "Lust's Dominion." Lond. 1661. 8vo. From which was stolen, the greater part of Aphra Behn's "Abdelazer, or the More's Revenge," Lond. 1677.

5. "The Tragedy of King Edward II.

6. "The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage;" in the composition of which, he was assisted by Thomas Nash, who published it in 1594.

DRYDEN.

This great versifier was fond of judicial astrology, and used to calculate the nativities of his children.

When his lady was in labour with his son Charles, being told it was decent to withdraw, he laid his watch on the table, begging one of the ladies present, in a most solemn manner, to take exact notice of the very minute the child was born; which she did, and acquainted him with it.

About a week after, when his lady was pretty well recovered, Mr. Dryden took occasion to tell her he had been calculating the child's nativity, and observed, with grief, that he was born in an ill hour; for, Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun, were all under the earth, and the lord of his ascendant was afflicted with a square of Mars and Saturn. "If he lives to arrive at the eighth year," said he, "he will go near to die a violent death on his very birth-day; but if he should escape, as I see but small hopes, he will, in the twenty-third year, be under the same evil direction; and if he should escape that also, the thirty-third or thirty-fourth year, is, I fear"—Here he was interrupted by the im-

moderate grief of his lady, who could no longer hear calamity prophesied to befal her son.

The time at last came, and August was the inauspicious month in which young Dryden was to enter into the eighth year of his age. The Court being in progress, and Mr. Dryden at leisure, he was invited to the country-seat of the Earl of Berkshire, his brother-in-law, to keep the long vacation with him, at Charlton, in Wilts: his lady was invited to her uncle Mordaunt's, to pass the remainder of the summer. When they came to divide the children, Lady Elizabeth would have him take John, and suffer her to take Charles; but Mr. Dryden was absolute, and they parted in anger;—he took Charles with him, and she was obliged to be content with John.

When the fatal day came, the anxiety of the lady's spirits occasioned such an effervescence of blood, as threw her into so violent a fever, that her life was despaired of, till a letter came from Mr. Dryden, reproving her for her womanish credulity, and assuring her that her child was well, which recovered her spirits; and in six weeks after, she received an eclaircissement of the whole affair. Mr. Dryden, either through

fear of being reckoned superstitious, or thinking it a science beneath his study, was extremely cautious of letting any one know that he was a student in astrology; therefore did not excuse his absence, on his son's anniversary, to a general hunting-match Lord Berkshire had made, to which all the adjacent gentlemen were invited.

When he went out, he took care to set the boy a double lesson in the Latin tongue, which he taught his children himself, with a strict charge not to stir out of the room till his return; well knowing the task he had set him would take up longer time. Charles was performing his task, in obedience to his father; but, as ill fate would have it, the stag made towards the house, and the noise alarming the servants, they hastened out to see the sport. One of them took young Dryden by the hand, and led him out to see it also; when, just as they came to the gate, the stag, being at bay with the dogs, made a bold push, and leaped over the court-wall, which was very low, and very old; and the dogs, following, threw down a part of the wall, ten yards in length, under which, Charles Dryden lay buried. He was immediately dug out, and, after

six weeks' languishing in a dangerous way, he recovered: so far, Dryden's prediction was fulfilled.

In the twenty-third year of his age, Charles fell from the top of an old tower, belonging to the Vatican at Rome, occasioned by a swimming in his head, with which he was seized, the heat of the day being excessive. He again recovered, but was ever after in a languishing and sickly state.

In the thirty-third year of his age, being returned to England, he was unhappily drowned at Windsor. He had, with another gentleman, swam twice over the Thames; but, returning a third time, it was supposed he was taken with the cramp, because he called out for help, though too late. Thus, the father's calculation proved but too prophetical.

CAPTAIN THOMAS JAMES, OF BRISTOL.

THE following poems are transcribed from the "Strange and dangerous Voyage" of this excellent old seaman, "in his intended discovery of the North-West passage into the South Sea, in the years 1631 and 1632." The circumstances under which they were written

would alone render them curious, even to those persons who cannot pardon the mannerism of that age. But it is hoped, there are many readers who are capable of understanding the strain of fine and manly feeling which is breathed in them.

"The 30th of this month of September, (says he,) we thought would have put an end to our miseries; for now we were driven amongst rocks, shoals, over-falls, and breaches round about us, that which way to turn we knew not, but there rid amongst them in extremity of distress. All these perils made a most hideous and terrible noise in the night season; and I hope it will not be accounted ridiculous, if I relate with what meditations I was affected, now and then, amongst my ordinary prayers; which I here afford the reader, as I there conceived them, in these few ragged and torn rhymes.

Oh my poor soul, why dost thou grieve to see
So many deaths muster to murder me?
Look to thyself, regard not me; for I
Must do (for what I came) perform or die.
So thou mayest free thyself from being in
A dunghill dungeon, a mere sink of sin;

And happily be freed, if thou believe
Truly in God through Christ, and even live.
Be therefore glad ; yet e'er thou go from hence,
For our joint sins, let's do some penitence,
Unfeignedly together :—When we part,
I'll wish the Angles joy, with all my heart.
We have with confidence relied upon
A rusty wire, touched with a little stone
Incompassed round with paper, and alass,
To house it harmless, nothing but a glass ;
And though to shun a thousand dangers, by
The blind direction of the senseless flie ;
When the fierce winds shattered black night assunder,
Whose pitchy clouds, spitting forth fire and thunder,
Hath shook the earth, and made the ocean roar,
And run to hide it in the broken shore.
Now thou must steer *by faith*, a better guide,
'Twill bring thee safe to heaven against the tide
Of Satan's malice. Now let quiet gales
Of saving Grace inspire thy zealous sails.

The other and far finer poem was written upon his leaving the dismal island where he had wintered, and which he called "Winter's Forest," but which now deservedly bears his own name. "And now the sun was set, and the boat came ashore for us; whereupon we assembled ourselves together, and went up to take the last view of our dead, and to look

unto their tombs and other things. Here, leaning upon mine arm, on one of their tombs, I uttered these lines, which though perchance they may procure laughter in the wiser sort, (which I shall be glad of)—they yet moved my young and tender-hearted companions at that time with some compassion. And these they were.

I were unkind, unless that I did shed,
Before I part, some tears upon our dead ;
And when my eyes be dry, I will not cease,
In heart to pray their bones may rest in peace ;
Their better parts (good souls) I know were given
With an intent they should return to heaven.
Their lives they spent, to the last drop of blood,
Seeking God's glory, and their country's good ;
And, as a valiant soldier rather dies,
Than yields his courage to his enemies,
And stops their way with his hewed flesh, when death
Hath quite deprived him of his strength and breath,
So have they spent themselves, and here they lie
A famous mark of our discovery.
We that survive, perchance may end our days
In some employment meriting no praise,
And in a dunghill rot ; when no man names
The memory of us but to our shames.
They have out-lived this fear, and their brave ends

Will ever be an honour to their friends.
Why drop you so, mine eyes ? nay, rather pour
My sad departure in a solemn shower !
The winter's cold, that lately froze our blood,
Now were it so extreme, might do this good,
As make these tears, bright pearls, which I would lay
Tomb'd safely with you, till doom's fatal day ;
That in this solitary place, where none
Will ever come to breathe a sigh or groan,
Some remnant might be extant, of the true
And faithful love I ever tendered you.
Oh, rest in peace, dear friends ! and let it be
No pride to say, the sometime part of me,
What pain and anguish doth afflict the head,
The heart and stomach when the limbs are dead.
So grieved, I kiss your graves, and vow to die
A foster-father to your memory.

FAREWELL."

ROBERT BURNS.

"IN the bosom of the unfortunate Burns, that splendid but eccentric meteor! the love of country burned, with a force equal to that of a Cicero or a Chatham. 'The appellation of a Scotch bard,' says he, in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 'is by far my highest pride; to continue to deserve it, my most exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and Scottish story are the themes I should wish

to sing. I have no dearer wish, than to have it in my power, unplagued by routine of business (for which Heaven knows I am unfit enough), to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia, to sit on the fields of her battles, to wander on the romantic banks of her rivers, and to muse by the stately towers or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes.' This was denied; Oh! my Lælius, if you have pleasure in shedding tears over the tombs of the good, the brave, or the exalted intellect, spare a few to the memory of this ill-treated and unfortunate victim to strong, indignant, and energetic feelings; to the memory of the genius, resembling the wild and magnificent landscape of his native land; a man, as much superior to the common herd of reptiles, that robbed him of his flashes of merriment in a petty country town, as he was to those more dignified associates, who drew him from his native wilds by their applauses, chained him to their tables in an expensive city, and, having satisfied their love of notoriety, 'cast him, like a loathsome weed, away.' Oh! Scotland, Scotland! the fate of Burns sits heavy on thy conscience!"

Philosophy of Nature.

THADDEUS RUDDY'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS.

THE following description of Bridget Brady, by her lover Thaddeus Ruddy, a bard who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, is perhaps unique as a specimen of local simile.

"She's as straight as a pine on the mountain of Kilmannon,
She's as fair as the lilies on the banks of the Shannon;
Her breath is as sweet as the blossoms of Drumcallan,
And her breasts gently swell like the waves of Lough Allan;
Her eyes are as mild as the dews of Dunsany,
Her veins are as pure as the blue-bells of Slaney;
Her words are as smooth as the pebbles of Terwinny,
And her hair flows adown like the streamlets of Finny."

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THE extensive continent of North America combines most of the various features of the gradations of climate, with numberless objects of admiration to the naturalist, peculiar to itself; among these may be classed the Dismal Swamp, a morass of an extent unequalled in any part of the world. It reaches from Albe-

marle Sound, in North Carolina, to the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, on the opposite side of the harbour to Norfolk. It is supposed to contain about 250 square miles. or about 150,000 acres.

Lake Drummond is situated near the centre of the Swamp, and is formed by the drainings of this immense bog. It is crowded with fish of various kinds; which, living unmolested, attain to a prodigious size. Its surface is generally calm, being sheltered by lofty trees which grow on its borders.

The solitude and dangers of the place have given rsie to romantic stories, which may have been strengthened by the vapours which frequently exhale from marshy ground, and known by the name of *Will-o'-the-Wisp,* or Ignis Fatuus. An anecdote of this kind is currently related by the inhabitants of this dreary tract, which gave rise to "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," written by Mr. Moore.

The story on which it is founded is simply as follows. A very strong attachment was formed by two young people in the neighbourhood of the swamp, when the death of the lady interrupted their prospect of mutual happiness:

an event which made such an impression upon her lover, that he lost his senses. His mind being absorbed in her image, and familiar with the scenery of the place, he imagined that she was still alive and dwelt upon this Lake. Determined to find her on whom his soul was fixed, he went in pursuit of her, and as he was never seen after, it is supposed he perished in some of the dangerous morasses which environ it.

" They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true,
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly * lamp,
She paddies her white canoe.

And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore ;

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* The fire-fly is an insect common in this part of the country ; in its flight it emits a beam of light brighter than the glow-worm.

Through tangled juniper beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man ne'er trod before.

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If sleep his eyelids knew,
He lay where the deadly vives * do weep
Their venomous tears, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the rattle-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried—from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the frozen lake,
And the white canoe of my dear!"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick o'er the surface play'd.
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light."
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he form'd a boat of the bucher bark
Which carried him off from the shore,
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The winds were high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

---

* A plant that grows wild in America, resembling the vine, but of a most pernicious quality.

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by their fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe."

BOCCACIO'S TESEIDE.

Boccacio was the disciple of Petrarch; and, although principally known and deservedly celebrated as a writer or inventor of tales, he was, by his contemporaries, usually placed as a poet in the third rank, after Dante and Petrarch. But Boccacio having seen the Platonic sonnets of his master, Petrarch, in a fit of despair, committed almost all his poetry to the flames, except a single poem, of which his own good taste had long taught him to entertain a more favourable opinion. This piece, thus happily rescued from destruction, was, until lately, so scarce and so little known, even in Italy, as to have left its author but a slender proportion of that eminent degree of poetical reputation which he might have justly claimed from so extraordinary a performance.

It is an heroic poem, in twelve books, entitled, "La Teseide," and written in the octave stanza,

called by the Italians *ottava rima*, which Boccacio adopted from the old French Chansons, and here first introduced among his countrymen.

The story of this admirable production of the great Tuscan novelist is well known to the English reader, in consequence of its having been selected by Chaucer as the ground-work of his Knight's Tale, the finest of his poems, and the first conspicuous example of the English heroic couplet extant. "Dryden's paraphrase of this poem," says Warton, "is the most animated and harmonious piece of versification in the English Language."

MILTON.

It is well known, that in the bloom of youth, and when he pursued his studies at Cambridge, this poet was extremely handsome. Wandering one day during the summer far beyond the precincts of the University into the country, he became so heated and fatigued, that, reclining himself at the foot of a tree to rest, he soon fell asleep. Before he awoke, two ladies, who were foreigners, passed by in a carriage. Agreeably astonished at the loveliness of his appearance, they alighted, and having

admired him (as they thought) unperceived for some time, the youngest, who was very beautiful, drew a pencil from her pocket, and having written some lines upon a piece of paper, put it with her trembling hands into his own. Immediately afterwards, they proceeded on their journey. Some of his acquaintances, who were in search of him, had observed this silent adventure, but at too great a distance to discover that the highly-favoured party in it was our illustrious bard. Approaching nearer, they saw their friend, to whom, being awakened, they mentioned what had happened. Milton opened the paper, and, with surprise, read these verses from Guarini:

> "Occhi, stelle mortali,
> Ministre de' mei mali,—
> Se chiusi m' uccidete,
> Aperti che farate?"

"Ye eyes! ye human stars! ye authors of my liveliest pangs! if thus, when shut, ye wound me, what must have proved the consequence had ye been open?" Eager, from this moment, to find out the fair *incognita*, Milton travelled, but in vain, through every part of Italy. His poetic fervour became incessantly

more and more heated by the idea which he had formed of his unknown admirer; and it is, in some degree, to *her*, that the world is indebted for several of the most powerful and highly-wrought passages in "Paradise Lost."

BELL-ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE.

LATELY, a small party visited the Bell-Rock Light-house, and were highly gratified with its majestic appearance.

In the library, the strangers found the appropriate volume of 'Robinson Crusoe;' and in the Album, which is presented to all visitors for the insertion of their names, remarks, &c., they distinguished the following lines, inscribed by the hand of the popular author of the 'Lady of the Lake:'—

"PHAROS LOQUITUR.

"Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

WALTER SCOTT, *July* 30, 1814."

RELIQUE OF BURNS.

THE following verses, in the hand-writing of Burns, are copied from a bank-note in the possession of Mr. James F. Gracie, of Dumfries. The note is of the Bank of Scotland, and is dated so far back as the 1st of March, 1780. The lines exhibit marks of the poet's vigorous pen, and are, evidently, an extempore effusion o his characteristic feelings. They bear internal proof of their having been written at that interesting period of his life, when he was on the point of leaving the country on account of the unfavourable manner in which his proposals for marrying 'Bonny Jean,' (his future wife) were at first received by her parents.

"Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
Fell source of a' my woe and grief;—
For lack of thee, I've lost my lass;—
For lack of thee, I scrimp my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided, thro' thy cursed restriction;—
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile
Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
And for thy potence vainly wish'd
To crush the villain in the dust;—

For lack o'thee, I leave this much-lov'd shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet old Scotland more.
R—— B——, *Kyle.*"

AMBROSE PHILLIPS AND SWIFT.

Ambrose Phillips was a neat dresser, and very vain. In a conversation between him, Congreve, Swift, and others, the discourse ran a good while upon Julius Cæsar. After many things had been said to the purpose, Ambrose asked, what sort of person they supposed Cæsar was? He was answered, that, from medals, &c., it appeared that he was a small man and thin-faced. "Now, for my part," said Ambrose, "I should take him to have been of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress, and five feet seven inches high;"—an exact description of Phillips himself. Swift, who understood good breeding perfectly well, and would not interrupt any body while speaking, let him go on, and, when he had quite done, said:—"And I, Mr. Phillips, should take him to have been a plump man, just five feet five inches high, and very neatly dressed in a black gown with pudding-sleeves."

SPENCE.

PETRARCH.

Salmasius says, in his Notes upon Pliny, that the Ægyptians made their clothes from the inner bark of the Papyrus. For the same reason, Pliny admires the custom of the Parthians, who used to write upon their clothes, preferring that method of writing to the making use of paper.

This act of respect to antiquity was imitated by Petrarch, who wrote occasionally his thoughts in gilt letters upon a cloak of leather which he wore. This anecdote is mentioned by two authors, who observe, at the same time, that the cloak was not lined, but, according to them, was so contrived, that he might be able to write on both sides of it his verses, which appeared full of corrections and notes.

It is said, that La Casa, Sadolet, and Buccatello, (who was in possession of this precious relique,) when they retired to the country house of the latter, to take refuge from the plague, which, in 1527, was desolating Italy, took this cloak with them, to consider it at their leisure, and to attempt to decipher what it contained.

BENSERADE.

"*Diseur des bon mots, mauvais caractère,*" says the amiable Pascal. Vanity, and a desire of saying something rather brilliant than solid, constitute the basis of his character. When Benserade, who was a man of great wit, did not find the company sufficiently numerous to stimulate the efforts of his imagination, he used to request that the servants might be called in, to afford him larger scope for his exertions.

Benserade was a priest, and used to dine abroad in company every day. Some one wrote these lines upon him:

> "What makes our lively bard to-day
> Look in so dull and sad a way?
> Does aught portend his fatal doom?
> No: he's oblig'd to dine at home."

He had satirized a Knight of the order of St. Michael, in some of his verses, and was well thrashed by the Knight himself. Some witling of the day wrote,—

> "Our bard is in a wretched way,
> And destin'd to each horrid evil;
> *St. Michael* met him t'other day,
> And beat him like the very *Devil*."

MALHERBE'S OPINION OF POETS.

This celebrated French versifier used wittily to observe of poets, that their usefulness in a State was about equivalent to good skittle-players.

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

Flecknoe has these excellent lines addressed to a miser:

> "Money's like muck, that's profitable while
> 'T serves for manuring of some fruitful soil;
> But on a barren one, like thee, methinks,
> 'Tis like a dunghill that lies still and stinks."

What was the cause of Dryden's enmity to this poor author? So far from having provoked it, Flecknoe has even written an epigram in his praise. This tribute, and his religion (for he was a Catholic), it might have been thought, would have saved him. Perhaps Dryden was offended at his invectives against the obscenity of the stage, feeling himself more notorious, if not more culpable, than any of his rivals, for this scandalous and unpardonable offence.

Flecknoe is by no means the despicable writer

that we might suppose him to be, from the niche in which his mighty enemy has placed him.

Be the other merits of his verses what they may, he has this rare merit (if the little volume of his Epigrams may be considered as a sample of his other works), that he is never, in the slightest degree, an immoral writer himself, and that he expresses a due abhorrence of the mischievous and disgraceful writings of his contemporaries.

This is from his divine epigrams.

"Do good with pain, the pleasure in't you find,
The pain's soon past, the good remains behind:
Do ill with pleasure, this y'ave for your pains,
The pleasure passes soon, the ill remains."

To a lady, too confident of her innocence, he says,

"Madam, that you are innocent, I know,
But the world wants innocence to think you so."

Here is the germ of a well-known epigram

"*Shepherd.* Since you are resolv'd, farewell,
Look you lead not apes in hell.

"*Nymph.* Better lead apes thither, than
Thither to be led by men."

I will add one quotation more: it is from an invocation to Silence:—

> "Sacred Silence, thou that art
> *Flood-gate of the deepest heart*,
> Offspring of a heavenly kind,
> *Frost of the mouth, and thaw of the mind*,
> Admiration's readiest tongue."

He says, in the epistle dedicatory to his noble friends, "There is none prints more, nor publishes less than I; for I print only for myself and private friends." This volume, however, he made public, because he thought it more passable than the rest. "I write chiefly to avoid idleness, and print to avoid the imputation; and as others do it to live after they are dead, I do it only not to be thought dead whilst I can live. Epigram, in general, is a quick and short kind of writing, rather a *slight* than any great *force* of the spirit; and, therefore, the more fit for me, who love not to take pains in any thing, and rather affect a little negligence than too great curiosity. For these here, they are chiefly in praise of worthy persons, of which, none ever had a more plentiful supply than I, having been always conversant with the best

and worthiest in all places where I came; and, amongst the rest, with ladies, in whose conversation, as in an academy of virtue, I learnt nothing but goodness, saw nothing but nobleness; and one might as well be drunk in crystal fountain, as have any evil thought whilst they were in their company, which I shall gladly always remember as the happiest and innocentest part of all my life."

Never stranger, he says, was more indebted than he to the Queen's father, Joam IV. of Portugal. It appears, that he had been in Brazil, by the title of one of his epigrams, "On his Arara, drowned in his return from Brazil." Had he written travels instead of verses, he might have secured for himself a lasting and respectful remembrance. It is a vexatious thought, that the man who possessed knowledge, by which you might have been benefited, and for which you would have been thankful, should have employed his time in producing poems for which nobody cares.

Of the man who has given name to such a satire as "Macfleckno," these notices, trifling as they are, will not be thought wholly worthless.

SOUTHEY.

RUDEKI, THE PERSIAN POET.

Rudeki was born in Maveralmaher, and blind from his birth; but of so acute a genius and intelligent a mind, that, at eight years of age, he retained the Koran completely in his memory. He made a rapid progress in learning, and early began to compose verses; and, as his voice was remarkably sweet, he studied music, and learned to play on the harp, in which he became a great proficient. He was bred in the court of Nasser Ben Ahmed Samani, where he had two hundred slaves, and four hundred camels, to carry his baggage.

No poet after Rudeki obtained such wealth and honours: his poems, if authors are to be credited, amounted to a hundred volumes. In the treatise entitled Yamini, his verses are said to amount to one million and three hundred.

The following is a fragment in praise of wine: the translation is by the late Dr. John Leyden.

" He who my brimming cup shall view
In trembling radiance shine,
Shall own the ruby's brilliant hue
Is match'd by rosy wine.

Each is a gem from Nature's hand
In living lustre bright,

But one congeals its radiance bland;
One swims in liquid light.

Ere you can touch, its sparkling dye
Has left a splendid stain;
Ere you can drink, the essence high
Floats giddy through the brain."

HOMER.

THE attempt to ascertain the precise date when Homer lived, has been shown, by experience, to be equally extravagant with the labours of Sisyphus, whose stone rolled down the hill as soon as it reached the summit; and thereby left him the same task to pursue as though he had not commenced his toils. Instead, therefore, of fixing on any one date given by ancient writers, (who very materially disagree), it may be more proper to state it generally, at from one to two hundred years before the building of the city of Rome—though all do not agree even within this limit of a century. Herodotus says that he flourished 884 before Christ. —Paterculus, 968 B. C.—The Arundelian Marbles, 907. Some fix his era about 168 years after the siege of Troy, which was completed 1184 years before the Christian Æra—and others,

160 years before the foundation of Rome, which happened 753 years before Christ.

The same degree of doubt is also attached to the place of his birth: seven cities contended for the honour, whose names are enumerated in the following lines:—

Smyrna, Chios, Colophos, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ,
Orbis de patriâ certat, Homere, tuâ.

The preference is given to the first two.

Homer was the illegitimate offspring of Critheis (as Herodotus informs us), who was a native of Cuma in Æolia, where she lived; and whence her guardian, to prevent public scandal, sent her to a friend at Smyrna. Shortly after her arrival there, she joined a procession of women who were going to a feast, celebrated near the river Neles; where she suddenly gave birth to Homer. His original name, however, was Melesigenes, which he received from the place of his birth. Ephorus mentions that his father's name was Mæonus, (the guardian of his mother, Critheis): and that he put her off in marriage to Phemius, a grammarian of Smyrna. It is understood that after his birth, his

mother was addressed by Phemius; and that she married him; and that, on the death of his mother's husband, he became master of the school which Phemius had established. He was so much given to study and reading, that he spent whole days and nights in literary pursuits. His company was sought after for his conversation; so that Mentes, a merchant, prevailed on him to accompany him to Leucadia. Homer's desire for travelling would not allow of his refusing this offer: but, having proceeded as far as Ithaca, a weakness of sight, produced by his application to books, suddenly arrested his footsteps: in consequence whereof, he was recommended to a friend of the merchant's, of the name of Mentor, and left upon the island. It was in this place that he collected the traditions respecting Ulysses, of which he has made so noble a use in his poem of the Odyssey. Some time afterwards, Nentes, touching upon Ithaca, found Homer's complaint in a great degree abated; and, after carrying him to many places, landed him at Colophon. His indisposition here increased to such a degree as to deprive him of his sight. He next returned to Smyrna; but there his former in-

terest was no more—and by begging on the road, and reciting his verses, he kept but body and soul together, while he proceeded from thence to Cuma. The circumstances of his being blind, and of his asking alms as he journeyed, procured him the name of Homer (or blind itinerant), which has already stood the test of nearly three thousand years, and bids fair to live over the same period again, if not to be immortal. Having reached Cuma, in this miserable condition, without scrip or sight, he made an offer to immortalize the city, if provided with a maintenance; but this proposition was rejected: and the bard, angered by their inhospitality, and the refusal of his services, quitted them with a wish that "there never might arise a poet to celebrate them."

The bard travelled from Cuma to Phocæa, where he met with Thestorides, a schoolmaster, whom he permitted to copy his verses as a repayment for his subsistence; not suspecting the villany which lay concealed under the cloak of civility. The object of Thestorides was to pass them off as his own, and thereby to increase his fame and fortune: and to a certain extent he succeeded; as the sequel will show. It is as-

serted by some, that while Homer lived with Thestorides he wrote the *Lesser Iliad;* but this is denied by Aristotle, who does not even allow of his being its author. The man, who had thus made Homer his dupe, having at length succeeded in his stratagem of transcribing the verses, stole secretly from Phocæa, and commenced a school at Chios, where his credit increased through the pilfered talents of Homer who, afterwards, discovered the place of his retreat, and was anxious to pursue him. No ships being at that time bound for Chios, he set sail for Erythræa. Here also he found no ships ready to sail for Chios; and the fishermen refused him a passage: till, being driven back by a tempest, which Homer told them was the consequence of their refusal, they admitted him into the vessel. He reached the land in safety, and was received into the hut of a goatherd, whom he had met as he proceeded from the shore, and to whom he narrated his afflictions. He was shortly after engaged by Bolissus, the master of the goatherd, to superintend his sons; and during this period, he composed the "Battle of the Frogs and Mice," and some other lighter poems. Then pursuing

Thestorides, he departed for Chios, and found that the robber of his verses, aware of his being so close a neighbour, had taken advantage of the first fleet. Homer, nevertheless, continued at Chios, erected a school, and married. And now it was that he composed those works which have distinguished him as the first of poets. Herein he mentioned some of those, from whom he had received obligations—thus he gives the name of Mentor (the person to whom he was recommended in Ithaca,) to one of his characters, and Phemius and Mentes are not unnoticed.

Now was the sun of Homer's fortune beginning to shine, and his fame to become extended. Submitting to persuasion, he left his school again, and sailed for Samos: and in the ensuing spring, started for Athens, and landed at Cos; where he became seriously ill, and shortly afterwards died. It is recorded by some, that his death was occasioned by a riddle, which was put to him by some fishermen, who found him on the grass by the shore: the words are these: *leaving what's took; what we took not, we bring:* which he not being able to expound, died of grief. It may be unnecessary to say that this has been

oftener written than credited. Plutarch, in his life of Suetonius, speaks of two cities, Ios and Smyrna, the one as being supposed the place of Homer's nativity, and the other that of his death. From such varying particulars, the reader must now be convinced of the true connexion which our comparison of the Sisyphean labour bears to the task of deciding upon Homer's life. The greatest uncertainty prevails throughout the whole subject: neither the place nor period of his birth, nor of his death, can be confidently ascertained.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE POETS.

Intelligent men of no scholarship, on reading Horace, for instance, and Ariosto, through the medium of translation, have often wondered how those writers obtained their glory. And they well might. The translations are no more like the original than a walking-stick is like a flowering bough. It is the same with the versions of Euripides, of Æschylus, of Sophocles, of Theocritus, of Petrarch, &c. &c., and, in many respects, of Homer. Perhaps we could not give the reader a more brief yet complete specimen of the way in which bad

translations are made, than by selecting a well-known passage from Shakspeare, and turning it into the common-place kind of poetry that flourished so widely among us till of late years. Take the passage, for instance, where the lovers in the "Merchant of Venice" seat themselves on a bank by moonlight:—

> "How sweet the moonlight *sleeps* upon this bank!
> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
> Become the touches of sweet harmony."

Now, a foreign translator, of the ordinary kind, would dilute and take all taste and freshness out of this draught of poetry, in a style amounting to the following:—

> With what charms, the moon, serene and bright,
> Lends on this bank its soft reflected light!
> Sit we, I pray; and let us sweetly hear
> The strains melodious with a raptur'd ear;
> For soft retreats, and night's impressive hour,
> To harmony impart divinest power.

It will be our business, where a quotation from the foreign poets occurs to us, to do at any rate a little better than this: and the English reader will have a better idea of the love

stories and other pieces of fiction which they have rendered so celebrated, in abridgements, like ours, of the utmost brevity and simplicity, than in whole volumes of this kind of misrepresentation. The simple elements of them will be laid before him; and the eye of his own unobstructed heart will see more of what the poets saw of them, at once. LEIGH HUNT.

MILTON'S COTTAGE.

By Sir William Jones.

"I SAT out in the morning, in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest-Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement, after his first marriage; and he describes the beauties of his retreat in that fine passage of the "L'Allegro:"

> 'Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
> Whilst the landscape round it measures;

Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

* * * *

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,—&c.'

"It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, upon our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour; and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

"As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We, at length, reached the spot where Milton, undoubtedly, took most of his

images: it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides. The distant mountains, that seemed to support the clouds; the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves which surrounded them; the dark plains and meadows, of a greyish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers—convinced us that there was not a single useless idea or word in the above mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus, will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over the enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

"The poet's house is close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers, in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers; one of whom shewed us a ruinous

wall that made part of his chamber; and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of the Poet.

"It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the "Il Penseroso." Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet-briars, vines, and honeysuckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament we may conclude from the lark bidding him good morrow,

> Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
> Or the twisted eglantine:

for it is evident, that he meant a sort of honeysuckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly used for the sweet-briar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet."

DOCTOR BARNARD'S RETORT UPON DOCTOR JOHNSON.

THE following admirable jeu d'esprit was the production of Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry, who, in conversation with Sir Joshua

Reynolds and other wits, advanced, that he thought no man could improve, when past the age of forty-five. Johnson, who was in the company, immediately turned round to the facetious Dean, and told him that he was an instance to the contrary, for there was great room for improvement in him (the Dean,) and wished he would set about it. Upon which the Dean, next day, sent the following elegant bagatelle to Sir Joshua Reynolds and the same company.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, AND CO.

By the Dean of Derry.

I lately thought no man alive
Could e'er improve past forty-five,
  And ventur'd to assert it.
The observation was not new;
But seem'd to me so just and true,
  That none could controvert it.

"No Sir," says Johnson, "'tis not so;
That's your mistake, and I can show
  An instance, if you doubt it:
You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
May much improve,—'tis not too late;
  I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus, to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
  Which way I should apply it;
Learning and wit seem'd past my reach;
For who can learn when none will teach?
  And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill,
You can inform me, if you will;
  My books are at a distance:
With you I'll live and learn, and then,
Instead of books, I shall read men;
  So lend me your assistance.

Dear Knight of Plimpton,* teach me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,
  And smile serene, like thine,
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,—
To such I'll turn my deafest ear,
  And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st not only skill is gain'd
But genius, too, may be attain'd,
  By studious imitation;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy, till I make them mine,
  By constant application.

---

* Sir Joshua was born at Plimpton, in Devonshire.

CHAUCER

Thy art of pleasing, teach me, Garrick,
Thou, who reversest Odes Pindaric,
A second time read o'er ;*
Oh ! could we read thee backwards too,
Last thirty years thou should'st review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts and can't express 'em,
Gibbon shall teach me how to dress 'em
In terms select and terse ;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
Smith how to think, Burke how to speak,
And Beauclerc to converse.

Let Johnson teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrow'd grace :
From him, I'll learn to write ;
Copy his clear familiar style,
And, from the roughness of his file,
Grow, like himself, polite.

---

* Garrick, being asked to read Cumberland's Odes, laughed heartily, and affirmed that such stuff might as well be read backwards as forwards ; and the witty Roscius accordingly recited them in that manner, and, *mirabile dictu*, produced the same good sense and poetry.

POETICAL PRESENT TO KING JAMES I.

THE following lines were put into the hands of the infant child of Sir Thomas Pope, when presented to King James I., who happened, in his progress, to come to the house of Sir Thomas, soon after his Lady had been delivered of a daughter.

"See! this little Mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Or a triple crown did wear,
And yet she is a POPE!

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold;
She hardly is a se'nnight old,
And yet she is a POPE!

No King her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her worse look than this:
Nor did she ever hope,
To saint one with a rope,
And yet she is a POPE!

A female POPE, you'll say——a second Joan,
No, Sire, she is POPE INNOCENT, or none."

TAGGING RHYMES.

IN the convivial administration of Lord North, when the ministerial dinners were composed of

such men as the Lords Sandwich, Weymouth, Thurlow, Richard Rigby, &c., various pleasantries passed, for which the present times are somewhat too refined. Amongst others, it was the whim of the day to call upon each member, to tag a rhyme to the name of his left-hand neighbour. It was first proposed by Lord Sandwich, to get a laugh against his facetious friend Lord North, who happened to be seated next to Mr. Mellagen, a name deemed incapable of a rhyme. Luckily, however, for Lord North, Mr. Mellagen had just informed him of an accident that had befallen him, near the pump, in Pall Mall. When it came to Lord North's turn, he wrote the following distich:

"Oh, pity poor Mr. Mellagen,
Who, walking along Pall Mall,
Hurt his foot, when down he fell,
And fears he won't get well again."

NICHOLAS ROWE.

Rowe was bred first at Westminster, and then at the Temple. He had about three hundred pounds a-year, and his chambers there. His father was a sergeant at law. Besides his patrimony, Rowe enjoyed, in the latter part of his

life, several lucrative offices. When the Duke of Queensberry was Secretary of State, he made Rowe his Under Secretary; but at the death of the Duke, he retired. Upon the accession of George I., he had a place given him in the Customs, and was made Poet-Laureate. Besides these, the Prince of Wales conferred on him the place of Clerk of his Council; and the Lord Chancellor Parker made him his Secretary for the Presentations.

His voice was uncommonly sweet, his observations so lively, and his manners so engaging, that his friends delighted in his conversation. He died, much regretted, at the age of forty-five, in 1718. He was twice married, and had a son by his first wife, and a daughter by his second. Dr. Welwood prefixed some brief account of him in the posthumous publication of his Translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*. The following account, probably, rests on the authenticity of Warburton, as it is well known he supplied the materials, and corrected the sheets of Ruffhead's Life of Pope, from whence it is transcribed:—"Rowe, in the opinion of Mr. Pope, maintained a decent character, but had no heart."

Mr. Addison was justly offended with him for some behaviour which arose from that want, and estranged himself from him, which Rowe felt very severely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at some juncture of Mr. Addison's advancement, to tell him poor Rowe was grieved at his displeasure, and what satisfaction he expressed at his good fortune; which he expressed so naturally, that he could not but think him sincere. Addison replied, "I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure, and it would affect him just in the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged." Mr. Pope said, "he could not deny but that Mr. Addison understood Rowe well."

SPENCE.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

As a poet, Sir Philip Sidney is now scarcely at all known, nor, indeed, do his productions in this department entitle him to any very lofty station on the English Parnassus, although, were we to take our notions of him from the high-flown and unbounded panegyrics of his contemporaries, we might be induced to believe

that in this, as in every other quality, he was unequalled and inimitable. Take, for instance, as a specimen, the following extract from Gabriel Harvey's "Pierce's Supererogation," a very rare old tract, published in 1593, seven years after Sir Philip's death.—

"Lord, what would himself have proved in fine, that was the gentleman of courtesy, the esquire of industry, and the knight of valour, at those years? (he died at the age of thirty-two). Live ever, sweet book! the silver image of his gentle wit, and the golden pillar of his noble courage; and ever notify unto the world, that thy writer was the secretary of eloquence, —*the breath of the Muses;*—the honey-bee of the daintiest flowers of wit and art;—the pith of moral and intellectual virtues;—the arm of Bellona in the field;—the tongue of Suada in the chamber;—the spirit of practice *in esse;*—and the paragon of excellency in print."

And even the great Sir William Temple, the grandson of his secretary, influenced, probably, by hereditary gratitude to the patron of his ancestor, declares him to be, "the *greatest poet*, and the noblest genius, of any that have left writings in our own, or any modern, language."

Although, however, it must be owned, that

his writings fall short of his traditional glory, and that his martial exploits were not of the very highest importance, there is no necessity for supposing that the impression which he made upon his contemporaries was either illusive or exaggerated. Traits of character, which must have been obvious to them, although hidden from our view, no doubt, distinguished this great man, independently of his pen and of his sword. Some of these, indeed, have descended to us; but among these, that which marked his closing scene shines most conspicuous, and presents as noble and affecting an instance of chivalrous generosity, or, rather, of true Christian charity, as is to be met with in history.

Sir Philip Sidney, in July, 1586, accompanied by the young prince Maurice, took Axell, a town in Flanders, without the loss of a single man; but, on September 22, 1586, having engaged with a convoy sent by the enemy to Zutphen, a strong town in Guelderland, then besieged by the Spaniards, the English troops, far inferior in number to those of the enemy, though they gained a decisive victory, sustained an irreparable loss by the death of their gallant

leader. Having one horse shot under him, he mounted a second, and seeing Lord Willoughby surrounded by the enemy, and in imminent danger, he rushed forward to rescue him. Having accomplished his purpose, he continued the fight with great spirit, until he received a bullet in the left thigh, which proved fatal.

As Sir Philip was returning from the field of battle, pale, languid, and thirsty with excess of bleeding, he asked for water to quench his thirst. The water was brought, and had no sooner approached his lips than he instantly resigned it to a dying soldier, whose ghastly countenance attracted his notice, speaking these memorable words:—"This man's necessity is still greater than mine."

WILLIAM DE CABESTAN AND THE LADY SERMONDA.

The following anecdote of the gay and gallant days of the Troubadours, is highly illustrative of the spirit of the times. William de Cabestan attached himself, in the quality of a Troubadour, to the Lady Sermonda, the wife of Raymond de Chateau-Roussillon, a rich and powerful lord, but better known for his pride and ferocity of disposition. Charmed by the person and talents of the gallant Troubadour, the Lady made him her cavalier; but her attentions speedily gave umbrage to Raymond, who confined her in a tower, and treated her with the greatest barbarity.

Cabestan's prudence yielded to his grief, and he gave vent to his feelings in a *chanson*, which proved to him the dying note of the swan; for Raymond, who could not doubt that it was intended for his wife, resolved to take a horrible revenge on them both. Having enticed the Troubadour to a distance from the Castle, he put him to death, and then cut off his head and tore out his heart. On his return to the Castle, he ordered the latter to be dressed and served

up to his wife as a piece of venison, and, when she had eaten of it, asked her, "Do you know this meat?"—"No," replied she, "but it is excellent."—"No doubt," retorted the tyrant, presenting the head of Cabestan; at sight of which, the Lady exclaimed, "Yes, barbarian, it is delicious, and it is the last dish of which I will partake." At these words, Raymond rushed upon her with his sword, but, escaping from his attacks, she threw herself from a balcony, and thus put a period to her existence.

The news of this event soon spread throughout Languedoc; the relations of the lady united with those of the Troubadour to obtain justice on his murderer; and Alphonsus II., King of Arragon, came himself to the spot to take cognizance of the fact. The Castle of Roussillon was demolished, Raymond put to death, and the bodies of the lovers were conveyed to Perpignan, where they were buried in the same tomb, before the gate of the Church of St. John, to which, for a considerable time afterwards, the Knights of Roussillon and the neighbouring districts annually resorted, with their ladies, to perform a solemn service to their memory.

PIERRE VIDAL.

The anecdote which we are about to relate offers a complete contrast to the preceding, in the characters of all the personages who figure in it.

Pierre Vidal was the son of a furrier at Toulouse, and was born about the middle of the twelfth century. His brilliant imagination, fine voice, and passion for the ladies, soon decided his vocation. He united to considerable poetical talent, a mixture of wisdom and folly, in which the latter quality appears to have predominated. Amorous of every lady who enjoyed the reputation of beauty, he imagined that none could help falling in love with him at first sight.

These extravagances gave him celebrity, and he was much sought after by the neighbouring Barons; but he attached himself more particularly to Barral, Viscount of Marseilles, whose wife, the Lady Alazaïs, was the object of his adoration. His passion was not unknown to the Viscount; who, far from being offended at it, treated it, on the contrary, as a subject of diversion and ridicule.

Poor Vidal happened one day to enter the

apartment of his mistress, and found her asleep. He had the audacity to kiss her, and, unfortunately, awoke her with the ardour of his passion. The lady, at first, supposed it had been her husband; but, as soon as she perceived her error, she called her women, and gave an account to Barral of the insult which she had received, demanding vengeance on the hapless offender. Her husband took the whole affair in jest; but the Troubadour, dreading the resentment of the lady, fled to Genoa, where he composed several *chansons* on his disgrace.

In a fit of despair, Vidal embarked for Palestine, in the train of King Richard; but, on landing in Cyprus, he fell in love with and married a lady of that island, who persuaded him, that she was the niece of the Emperor of the East, and the legitimate successor to his crown. From this time forward, the Troubadour was incessantly occupied with the most chimerical projects for the recovery of the empire, which he regarded as his inheritance. He was not, however, unmindful of his former flame; for, hearing that his protector had succeeded in calming her indignation, he composed some *chansons*, in which he styles himself the happiest

of men, and soon afterwards embarked for Marseilles, where, on his return, he found himself restored to her favour. He afterwards committed many extravagances, and died in 1229.

ANCIENT SIGNIFICATION OF WORDS.

The different sense of the same words, in different ages, is one amongst the greatest difficulties to the student of the ancient authors in a living language. The same word which was formerly elegant, and bore a good meaning, will, not unfrequently, be found to have a meaning diametrically opposite. With regard to our own language, if we look into the authors of the two preceding centuries, many examples may be produced. Turbeville, a gentleman educated at Oxford, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has the following stanzas:

"Among the rest of all the route,
A passing proper lass,
A white-haired *trull* of twenty years,
Or near abouts, there was.
Her forehead-cloth with gold was furl'd,
A little here and there,
With golden clasp about her neck,
A kerchief did she wear,

That reach'd unto her breast and *paps*;
The *wench*, about her waist,
A gallant gaudy ribbon laid,
That girt her body fast."

The poet is here describing an innocent country beauty, a young lady, and yet does not scruple to call her a *trull* and a *wench*. It is not expedient to denote the signification of these two words; but, in the age of Elizabeth, the first only meant a *romp*, and the latter, a *young woman*.

Thus, a *pedant* formerly signified a schoolmaster; a *dame*, an English lady of the first quality; a *leech*, a physician.

"Wise *leeches* will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude."

LORD BYRON.

Among the early amusements of Lord Byron were swimming and managing a boat, in both of which he is said to have acquired great dexterity, even in his childhood. In his aquatic exercises near Newstead Abbey, he seldom had any other companion than a large Newfoundland dog, to try whose fidelity and sagacity he would

sometimes fall out of the boat, as if by accident, when the dog would seize him, and drag him to the shore. On losing his dog, in the autumn of 1808, his lordship caused a monument to be erected, in commemoration of his attachment, with an inscription, from which we extract the following lines:—

"Ye who, perchance, behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn;—
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise:—
I never knew but *one*,—and here he lies."

On arriving at the age of manhood, Lord Byron embarked at Falmouth for Lisbon, and from thence proceeded across the Peninsula to the Mediterranean, in company with Mr. Hobhouse. The travels of his lordship are described in "Childe Harold" and the Notes. It is somewhat singular, that his lordship should then have had a narrow escape from a fever in the vicinity of the place where his life terminated.

"When, in 1810," he says, "after the departure of my friend, Mr. Hobhouse, for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men (Albanians) saved my life, by frightening away my physicians, whose throats they

threatened to cut, if I was not cured within a certain time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attribute my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens. My dragoman, or interpreter, was as ill as myself, and my poor arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilization."

While the Salsette frigate, in which Lord Byron was a passenger to Constantinople, lay in the Dardanelles, a discourse arose among some of the officers respecting the practicability of swimming across the Hellespont. Lord Byron and Lieutenant Ekenhead agreed to make the trial. They accordingly attempted the enterprise on the 3rd of May, 1810. The following is the account given by Lord Byron:—

"The whole distance from Abydos, the place where we started, to our landing at Sestos, on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed, by those on board the frigate, at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such, that no boat can row directly across it; and it may, in some

measure, be estimated, from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the party in an hour and five, and by another in an hour and ten, minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored between the castles, when we swam the Straits, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says, that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Olivier mentions its having also been done by a Neapolitan; but our Consul at Tarragona remembered neither of those circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability."

This notable adventure was, however, followed by a fit of the ague.

CHAUCER.

Of the history of Geoffrey Chaucer, who has been called "the Morning Star of English Poetry," and whom his contemporaries and immediate successors denominate "the flower of eloquence,"—"superlative in eloquence," &c. it is astonishing that we should know almost nothing. His very descent is involved in impenetrable obscurity; for while one of his biographers asserts that he was of a noble stock, another declares that he was the son of a knight; a third, that his father was a vintner, and a fourth, that he was a merchant: there is a fifth opinion, which seems best entitled to credit, viz. that nothing can be said with any certainty respecting his origin.

The place of his birth, likewise, is equally a matter of dispute; for while some maintain, and, apparently, on his own authority, that he was born in London, others have brought what, to them, have appeared very conclusive arguments, that he was a Berkshire man; while a

third party have strenuously maintained, that the honour of his nativity belongs to the county of Oxford. Amidst these discrepancies, which encumber almost every circumstance connected with the Poet's life, it is difficult to know what to believe: we must, therefore, content ourselves with the information furnished by his tombstone, and various other records; from the first of which, it appears, that he was born in 1328, and that he died in 1400; and from the latter, that he was closely connected with John of Gaunt, to whose second wife he was related by marriage; that he was, at one time, in high favour at Court, where he enjoyed several lucrative offices; but that he afterwards, it is conjectured on account of his attachment to the doctrines of Wickliffe, forfeited his places, and was compelled to fly the kingdom; and that, after his return to his native land, he terminated his life in literary retirement.

On the accession to the throne of Henry IV., the son of his great patron, he quitted his peaceable retirement, and travelled to London; and this journey is supposed to have hastened his end, the near approach of which, if we may judge from the following Ode, which he is said

to have composed in his last agonies, he bore with Roman fortitude. The reader will observe, that the phraseology of this little piece has been modernised, in order to obviate the obscurity of the old language.

THE POET'S LAST ADVICE.

Fly from the crowd and be to virtue true,
Content with what thou hast, tho' it be small;
To hoard brings hate: nor lofty thoughts pursue;
He who climbs high endangers many a fall.
Envy's a shade that ever waits on fame,
And oft the sun that raises it will hide;
Trace not in life a vast expensive scheme,
But be thy wishes to thy state allied;
Be mild to others, to thyself severe,
So truth shall shield thee or from hurt or fear.

Think not of bending all things to thy will,
Nor vainly hope that fortune shall befriend;
Inconstant she, but be thou constant still,
Whate'er betide, unto an honest end.
Yet needless dangers never madly brave,
Kick not thy naked foot against a nail;
Or from experience the solution crave,
If wall and pitcher strive, which shall prevail.
Be in thy cause, as in thy neighbour's, clear,
So truth shall shield thee or from hurt or fear.

Whatever happens, happy in thy mind,
Be thou serene, nor at thy lot repine;

He 'scapes all ill whose bosom is resign'd,
Nor way nor weather will be always fine.
Beside, thy home's not here, a journey this,
A pilgrim thou, then hie thee on thy way;
Look up to God, intent on heav'nly bliss,
Take what the road affords, and praises pay.
Shun brutal lusts, and seek thy soul's high sphere,
So truth shall shield thee or from hurt or fear.

TAM O'SHANTER.

Thomas Reid, so celebrated as Tam O'Shanter, by Burns, was born in Kyle, in Ayrshire. His first entrance into active life, was in the capacity of plough-boy to William Burns, the father of the poet, whom Thomas described as a man of great capacity, as being very fond of an argument, of rigid morals, and a strict disciplinarian —so much so, that when the labours of the day were over, the whole family sat down by the blazing "ha'ingle," upon no pretence whatever could any of the inmates leave the house after night. This was a circumstance that was not altogether to Thomas's liking. He had heard other plough-boys with rapture recount scenes of rustic jollity, which had fallen in their way, while out on nocturnal visits to the fair daughters or servant girls of the neighbouring

farmers—scenes of which he was practically ignorant. And more—he had become acquainted with a young woman he had met at Maybole Fair, and having promised to call upon her at her father's house, owing to his master's regularity of housekeeping, he had found it totally impracticable.

To have one night's sport, was his nightly and daily study for a long time. It so happened, that his mistress about this time was brought to bed. Thomas hailed the bustle of that happy period, as a fit time to compass his long-meditated visit. Mrs. Burns lay in the *spence*. The gossips were met around the kitchen fire, listening to the howling of the storm which raged without, and thundered down the chimney. It was a January blast. Thomas kept his eye upon his master, who, with clasped "hands and uplifted eyes sat in the muckle chair in the ingle neuk," as if engaged in supplication at the throne of grace for the safety of his wife and child. Thomas drew his chair nearer the door, and upon some little bustle in the kitchen, he reached the hallen, and was just immerging into darkness, when the hoarse voice of the angry Burns rung in the ears of the almost petrified plough-boy:

—"Where awa', Tam?"—"The auld doure whalp," muttered Tam, as he shut the door and resumed his stocking, "I was gaun to the door to see if this win' was tirring the thack aff the riggin."—"Thou needs na gang to look the night," cried the rigid overseer of Doonholm, "whan it is sae mirk, thou coudna' see thy finger afore thee." It was, indeed, "a waefu nicht." Such a night as this might give rise to these admirable lines of that bard, about to be ushered into the world:—

> "That night a child might understand
> The deil had business on his hand."

It was a little before the now pensive and thoughtful Burns was given to understand that a son was born unto him, as—

> "The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last,"

that a horrid crash was heard—a shriek rose from the affrighted women as they drew their chairs nearer the fire. "The ghaists and howlets that nightly cry about the ruins o'Alloway's auld haunted kirk," rose on every imagination. The guideman rose from his chair, lighted a lantern, commanded Thomas to follow him, and

left the house. The case was this,—the gable of the byre had been blown down, which, as it was of his own building, was not of the most durable nature.

In due time, the joyful father had his first-born son laid in his arms,—his joy knew no bounds. The *bicker* was now sent round with increasing rapidity, and Thomas, then in his fourteenth year, was carried to his bed, to use his own words, "between the late and the early, in a guide way, for the first time." Such was the birth-night of the Poet.

How long Thomas Reid remained in the service of William Burns, is uncertain. It appears, however, that he was with him when Robert went first to plough; as Thomas has repeatedly told, as an instance of Burns's early addiction to reading, that he has seen him go to, and return from ploughing, with a book in his hand; and, at meal times, "*suping his parritch*" with one hand, and holding the book in the other.

It would appear that he had, in process of time, got better acquainted with his sweetheart at Maybole Fair, for he married her. It was on this occasion that he took the Shanter farm

which, with the assistance of his father-in-law, he stocked and furnished. But fortune went against him;

"His cattle died, and blighted was his corn;"

and an unfortunate friend, for whom he had become security for £150, failed. Under such a load of ill, he, like many others, sought for consolation in the "yill caup;" and any errand which served as a pretext to visit the town of Ayr, renewed his worship to the "inspiring bold John Barleycorn;" and he usually returned, like the Laird of Snottorston—

"O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

But Thomas had many a domestic squabble. His wife, naturally not of the sweetest temper, was doubly soured by the misfortunes of the world, and the dissipation of her help-mate; and often, when Tam

"Was gettin' fu' and unco happy,"

she sat at home,

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

She, like too many in that district at that time, was very superstitious. Thomas took her by the weak side, and usually arrested her "light-horse gallop of clish-maclaver" by some specious story of ghost or hobgoblin adventures, with which he had been detained.

He had now got into such a continued state of dissipation and irregularity, that he was obliged to leave the farm to the mercy of his creditors, and opened a small public-house at the end of the old bridge on the waters of Doon. It was while he was here, that Tam O'Shanter made its appearance; a manuscript copy was sent to Thomas by post, with this motto—

> Change the name, and the
> Story may be told of yourself.

The celebrity of the poem brought numbers to his house, and he sold a great deal. But his spirit could not brook the brutal taunts and jeers, which every day he was obliged to bear from his customers. He left off business and commenced labourer, at which he continued till he got an offer of a situation as overseer of hedges, on the large estate of Castle Semple, at that time belonging to William M'Dowall, Esq. M. P. for

Renfrewshire, which he accepted. With short intervals, he remained there till the day of his death. He was of such a character, that he considered no man or class of men his superior, and no man his inferior.

Feeling the infirmities of old age approach, a Mr. Harvey placed him at his west gate as gatekeeper, where he fell into a lingering disease, which soon put a period to his mortal career. As he had no friends nor relations (his wife having died about two years before), he was destitute of the means to support himself during his illness.

The night before he died, he called for a half-mutchkin of whiskey, and as a particular friend of his sat by the side of the bed, and who personally informed the writer of this, he took a glass of it in his hand, held it between him and the light, and eyed it for some time with a peculiar exhilarating expression of countenance. Then, while pleasure sparkled in his eyes, he took his friend by the hand, and pressing it warmly, exclaimed, "This is the last whiskey I, in all probability, will ever drink; and many and often is the times I have felt its power. Here's to thee, Jamie, and may

thou never want a drap when thou art dry."

He died next morning, about eight o'clock.

THE TABARD.—CHAUCER'S INN.

As the Borough High Street was formerly the great passage into a great part of the kingdom, to and from the capital, it was well furnished with Inns; one of which has been immortalized by Chaucer. The sign is now perverted into 'The Talbot.'—It originally was 'The Tabard;' so called from the sign,—a sleeveless coat, open on both sides, with a square collar, and winged at the shoulders; worn by persons of rank in the wars, with their arms painted on them, that they might be known. The use of this coat is now transferred to the heralds. This was the rendezvous of the jolly pilgrims, who formed the group which our father of poetry describes, sallying out to pay their devotions to the great saint, Thomas à Becket, whose shrine, for a long time, superseded, in England, almost every other, being resorted to down to the Reformation by pilgrims from all parts of Christendom.

"Befelle that in that season, on a day,
In Southwerck, at the Tabard, as I lay,

Redy to wander on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury, with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostellerie,
Wel, nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by adventure yfalle
In felowship, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride;
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esse atte beste."

ISABELLA ANDREINI,

a native of Padua, was a very celebrated actress, towards the beginning of the seventeenth century. But her excellence was not confined to the stage: she was also an admirable poetess. Many learned and ingenious men have bestowed eulogiums upon her, and her own works sufficiently justify their panegyrics. The *intenti* of Pavia (so the academicians of this city style themselves) were of opinion that they did their society an honour, by the admission of Isabella as a member of it. In acknowledgment of this honorary distinction, she never forgot amongst her titles that of *Academica Infanta*.—Her titles were these: "*Isabella Andreini, comica getosa, academica infanta detta l'accessa.* She had a singular advantage which is not frequent among

the most excellent actresses: she was very handsome. Her beauty and her fine voice united, enabled her to charm both the eyes and the ears of all who saw and heard her. Under her picture the following inscription is written: "Hoc histricæ eloquentiæ caput lector admiraris, quod si auditor scies?"—"If you admire, reader, this glory of the theatre, when you only see her, what would you do if you heard her?"

Cardinal Cinthio Aldobrandini, nephew to Clement VIII., had a great esteem for her, as appears by several of her poems. When she went to France, she was kindly received by their Majesties, and by all the highest quality at Court. She wrote several sonnets in their praise, which are to be seen in the second part of her poems.

She died at Lyons, the 10th of June, 1604, in the forty-second year of her age. Her husband had her interred in the same city, and honoured her with the following epitaph:—

"Isabella Andreini, Patavina, mulier magna virtute predita, honestatis ornamentum, maritalisque pudicitiæ decus, ore facunda, mente fæcunda, religiosa, pia, musis amica, et artis scenicæ caput, hîc resurrectionem expectat.

" Ob abortum obiit 4 Id. Junii, MDCIV. annum agens 42.

" Franciscus Andreinus mæstissimus posuit."

Translation.

" Isabella Andreini, of Padua, a woman of great virtue and honour, the ornament of conjugal chastity, of an eloquent tongue, and an elegant mind, religious, pious, beloved by the Muses, and the glory of the stage, here lies in expectation of the resurrection. She died of a miscarriage, the 11th of June, 1604, in the forty-second year of her age. Francis Andreini, her sorrowful husband, erected this monument to her memory."

The death of this actress and poetess being matter of general concern and lamentation, there were many Latin and Italian elegies printed to her memory. Several of these pieces were printed before her poems in the edition of Milan, in 1609. Besides her sonnets, madrigals, songs, and eclogues, there is a pastoral of hers, entitled, " Mirtilla," printed at Venice, in 1610. She sung with great taste, and played on several instruments in a masterly manner. She was, also, acquainted with philosophy, and understood the French and Spanish languages.

LADY CHUDLEIGH,

a very philosophical and poetic lady, was born in the year 1656. She was the daughter of Richard Lee, of Winsloder, in the county of Devon, Esq.; and married to Sir George Chudleigh, Bart. by whom she had several children; among the rest, Eliza Maria, who dying in the bloom of life, caused her mother to pour out her grief in a poem, entitled, "A Dialogue between Lucinda and Marissa." She wrote another poem, called, "The Ladies' Defence," occasioned by an angry sermon preached against the fair sex. These, with many others, were collected into a volume, and printed a third time in the year 1722. She published, also, a volume of essays, upon various subjects, in verse and prose, in 1710, which have been much admired for delicacy of style.

This lady, it is said, wrote several Tragedies, Operas, Masques, &c. which, though not printed, are preserved in her family.

She died in 1710, in the 55th year of her age.

ARIOSTO.

The Duke of Ferrara delighted so much in Ariosto's comedies, of which he wrote five, that he

built a stage on purpose to have them played in his Court, and enabled our poet to build himself a house in Ferrara, with a pleasant garden, where he used to compose his poems, which were highly esteemed by all the princes in Italy, who sent him many presents; but he said, "he would not sell his liberty for the best cardinal's cap in Rome." It was but a small, though convenient, house. Being asked, why he had not built a more magnificent mansion, since he had given such noble descriptions of sumptuous palaces, beautiful porticos, and cooling fountains, in his "Orlando Furioso?" he replied, "That words were cheaper laid together than stones." Upon the door he caused to be placed the following inscription:—

"Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo, sed tamen, ære, domus."

IN ENGLISH.

"This house is small, but fit for me,
And hurtful 'tis to none;
It is not sluttish, as you see,
Yet paid for with mine own."

It is also related of him, that, one day passing

by a potter's shop, he heard him singing a stanza out of his Orlando, with so bad a grace, that, out of patience, he broke with his stick several of his pots. The potter, in a pitiful tone, asked what he meant by wronging a poor man that had never injured him? "You rascal," he replied, "I have not done thee half the wrong you have done me; for I have broken but two or three pots of thine, not worth so many halfpence; whereas, thou hast broken and mangled a stanza of mine worth a mark of gold."

Ariosto was tall, of a melancholy complexion, and appeared always absorbed in study and meditation. His picture was drawn by Titian in a masterly manner. He was honoured with the laurel from the hands of the Emperor Charles V. He was so fearful of water, that, whenever he went out in a ship, he would see others go out before him; and on land, he would alight from his horse on the slightest danger. He bore his last sickness with great resolution and serenity, and died at Ferrara, 8th of July, 1553, aged 59.

He was interred in the church of the Benedictine Monks, who, contrary to their usual custom, attended his funeral. He had a statue

erected to him, and an inscription, written by himself, was engraved on his tomb.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

This exquisite rural poet was born in the year 1766, at a village named Honington, which is situated eight miles from Bury St. Edmund's, and near Euston, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Grafton, in the county of Suffolk. He lost his father, Mr. George Bloomfield, a tailor by trade, when he was scarce a year old. His mother was a schoolmistress, and instructed her own with other children; and from her, our poet had his first rudiments of learning. Though a widow with six children, she contrived to send Robert to a Mr. Rodwell, to be improved in writing; but, she marrying soon after, he did not continue long with him.

His mother had now a second family; and though our poet was not above eleven, he was sent to a Mr. William Austin, a farmer in the neighbourhood, who took him into his house; but his mother was to furnish him with a few things: this was more than she was able to do, which induced her to solicit aid from his two brothers, George and Nathaniel, at London, as

Mr. Austin said, he did not think he would obtain a living by hard labour. George offered to take his brother and teach him to make shoes, and Nathaniel promised to clothe him. On this, the mother was so careful of him, that she took coach herself, and put him into the hands of his brothers. "She charged me," said Mr. George Bloomfield, in a letter, "as I valued a mother's blessing, to watch over him, to set good examples to him, and never to forget that he had lost his father." His brother, Mr. G. Bloomfield, then lived at No. 7, Pitcher's-court, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. "In a garret, where we had two turn-up beds, and five of us worked," says his brother, "I received little Robert." Robert became their errand-boy, for which each agreed to teach him.

The boy from the public-house used to come every day for pots, and to learn what was wanted, and he always brought the yesterday's newspaper, which they used to read by turns; but Robert's time being of least value, he became reader, and, by the help of an old Dictionary, which his brother bought for him for fourpence, in a little time he was able to read the speeches of Fox, Burke, &c. From attending the lectures

of a Mr. Fawcet, our poet learned to accent hard words, as he called them; add to this two or three old folios, they were the principal sources of his learning. "I, at this time," says his brother, "read the 'London Magazine,' about two sheets of which was set apart for a review: this, and the 'Poet's Corner,' always attracted Robert's attention. One day, he repeated a song which he had composed to an old tune. I was much surprised that a boy of sixteen should make such verses, and persuaded him to try whether the editor of our paper would give it a place in the 'Poet's Corner.' He tried, and succeeded."

He continued to reside with his brother till 1784, when the question came to be decided, whether those who had not served an apprenticeship should work at the trade of a shoemaker. The master who employed Robert was threatened with a prosecution if he continued so to do. He returned home, and was received by his old patron, Mr. Austin. It was during this short stay of two months, he probably formed his plan for that charming poem, the "Farmer's Boy." He again returned to London, and was bound apprentice to a Mr. John Dudbridge.

"It was in a garret," says his brother, "amid six or seven workmen, his active mind composed the 'Farmer's Boy.'" He amused himself by studying the violin, upon which he became a good player; but afterwards, he wrote to his brother George, who had then left London, "I have sold my fiddle, and got a wife." The "Farmer's Boy" fortunately fell into the hands of Capel Lofft, every way able to appreciate its beauties; and, to his honour be it said, he did not permit genius to languish in obscurity.

Bloomfield died in 1823.

SELF-DEVOTION IN A BARD.

The Ancient History of Ireland has preserved a remarkable instance of extraordinary self-devotion, in the person of a bard, named Feircheirtne, who evinced, in the manner of his death, a strength of affection for his patron, and sublimity of soul, scarcely to be paralleled. Feircheirtne was bard to Conrigh, a celebrated chieftain, who lived in splendor on the banks of the Fiounglaise, in the county Kerry. This warrior was married to Blanaid, a lady of transcendent beauty, who had been the meed of his prowess in single combat with Congculionne,

a knight of the Red Branch. But the lady was secretly attached to the knight, and, in an accidental interview which she had with him, from the battlements of her castle, offered to follow his fortunes, if he would at a certain time, and on receiving a certain signal, storm the castle, and put her husband and his attendants to the sword. Congculionne promised to observe her directions, and executed them to the letter, inundating the castle with the blood of its inhabitants. Feircheirtne, however, probably in consequence of the veneration paid to his character as bard, escaped the slaughter, and followed, at a distance, Blanaid and her ravisher to the Court of Concovar Mac Nessa, determined to sacrifice his perfidious Mistress to the manes of his murdered patron.

When the bard arrived at Emania, he found Concovar and his Court, together with the lovers, walking on the top of a rock called Rinchin Beara, and enjoying the extensive prospect which it commanded. Blanaid happening to detach herself from the rest of the company, stood wrapt in meditation on that part of the cliff which overhung a deep precipice. The bard, stepping up to her, began an

adulatory conversation; then, suddenly springing forward, he seized her in his arms, and throwing himself with her headlong down the precipice, both were dashed to pieces.

KEATING.

COWPER.

THIS poet, understanding some one wished to take his portrait, wrote to a friend as follows:—

"Whoever means to take my phiz, will find himself sorely perplexed in seeking for a fit occasion. That I shall not give him one, is certain; and if he steals one, he must be as cunning and as quick-sighted a thief as Autolycus himself. His best course will be to draw a face, and call it mine, at a venture. They who have not seen me these twenty years will say, perhaps, "Though it is not perfectly the thing, yet there is somewhat of the cast of his countenance. If the nose were a little longer, and chin a little shorter, the eyes a little smaller, and the forehead a little more protuberant, it would be just the man." And thus, without seeing me at all, the artist may represent me to the public eye with as much exact-

ness as yours has bestowed on you, though I suppose the original was full in his view, when he made the attempt."

RACINE.

THE "Memoirs of the Life of Racine" are written by his son, who added some account of his father's friends, Boileau, Moliere, and La Fontaine.

"My father," says young Racine, "to disgust my brother from writing verses, and from fear that he should attribute to my father's tragedies the attention that was paid to him by the men of rank about the Court, said to him, "Do not suppose that my verses procure me all this notice. Corneille writes much finer verses than I can do, yet no one pays him the least attention. He is only admired for the mouths of the actors. So, instead of tiring a company with reciting my own verses, (about which I never talk,) I content myself with conversing with them in the way they like, and talking of things that amuse them. My business with them, is to tell them how clever themselves are; so that, sometimes, when the Prince de Condé has passed many hours with me, you would be

astonished, were you present, to observe that I had not spoken five words, but, by degrees, I lead him on to talk, and he goes home, much better pleased with himself than with me."

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA.

GARCILASO is one of the sweetest, and, perhaps, one of the most admired poets Spain has produced, not so much for the brilliancy of his thoughts, as the delicacy of his expressions.

While he adorned the age in which he lived, by the elegance and chastity of his productions, he added to the martial glories of his country, and, at once, was a poet and a hero.—

"He grasp'd the lyre and the brand by turns."

He fought valiantly under the victorious banners of the Emperor Charles VIth., and became his favourite. Before, however, he was advanced far in life, he had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of the Emperor, and was banished to an island on the Danube. Here, he poured forth his thoughts, and composed some of his most popular canzonets and sonnets. The following is, perhaps, one of the

most beautiful of the latter, and has been noticed not only by Luzan, in his "Poetico," but by many other Spanish writers.

The poet is here supposed to represent the anguish of his mind, while enduring this cruel banishment:

SONNET XIV.

"As the kind mother, whom her sickly son
Beseeches earnestly, with flowing tears,
For some forbidden fruit she more than fears
Will break the mortal web so weakly spun;
And whose maternal fondness still denies
Reflection on the inconsiderate deed,
Grants the request, and gives with hasty speed.
The weeping ceases, but the infant dies:

So my infirm, confus'd, and madden'd thought
To its own hurt is still petitioning;
Fain I'd refuse the food with death so fraught;
Daily it weeps, beseeching for the sting;
At length, I yield, so piteously besought,
Forgetting—with its death my own I bring."

JOHN OF MEUN'S LEGACY.

This poet, the continuator of William of Lorris's 'Romaunt of the Rose,' the most finished specimen of French poetry previous to the age

of Francis the First, and of which Chaucer's excellent Paraphrase is much less known than it deserves to be, was one of the wits of the Court of Charles le Bel. The following anecdote of his death, which happened between 1320 and 1322, is related by his Biographers.

He left by will to the Dominican Monks of the Rue St. Jacques, a chest which, to judge by its weight, was full of the most precious effects, but which was not to be opened till after his decease. The funeral ceremony over, the monks proceeded with all speed to inspect the contents of the coffer; but, alas! the hopes which they had cherished of a rich prize terminated in the unexpected discovery that they had been cheated and deceived. The chest was found to contain nothing but square pieces of slate, covered with mathematical figures.

The indignant Dominicans, who had expected that the deceased had repented, on his death-bed, the insults that he had heaped on them in his lifetime, both in his sayings and writings, and that this legacy was the token of his conversion, were so enraged at their disappointment, that they determined to disinter his body; but the Parliament took cognizance of the affair, and

compelled them to grant him an honourable sepulture in the very cloister of their convent.

The readers of Chaucer will remember the Legacy which the Friar receives in the Sompnour's Tale, and the humorous manner in which he performs his oath to distribute it equally among the members of his fraternity.

In proof of the hatred with which he was regarded by the clergy of his time, in consequence of the sharpness of his satire upon the corruptions which had crept into their order, and the licentiousness with which it was sullied, we need only cite an extract from Gerson, Chancellor of Paris. "There was," said he, "one called John of Meun, who wrote a book called the "Romaunt of the Rose," which book, if I only had, and that there were no more in the world, if I might have five hundred pounds for the same, I would rather burn it than take the money." And he further goes on to declare, "that if he thought the author thereof did not repent him for that book before he died, he would vouchsafe to pray for him no more than he would for Judas, that betrayed Christ."

THOMAS LODGE.

In the Library of the British Museum, there is a tract of great rarity, from which Shakspeare is said to have borrowed the play of "As You Like It." It is entitled, "Euphue's Golden Legacy," by Thomas Lodge, a poet of the Elizabethan age, who was also the author of a great variety of works, in prose and verse.

Ellis, in his "Specimens of the Early English Poets," has given three of Lodge's poems, from "The Pleasant Historie of Glaucus and Scilla;" but has omitted to mention the following Madrigal, perhaps the most beautiful of all his compositions. The edition from which it is transcribed, is believed to be unique.

"Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweete;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feete.

Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest.

Strike I my lute—he tunes the string;
He music plays if I do sing;

He lends me every living thing,
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting.

What, if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod,
He will repay me with anoy,
Because a God.

Then, sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
O Cupid! do thou pity me,
I will not wish to part from thee."

ROYAL AND NOBLE POETS.

"MANY of the Troubadours, whose works now exist, and whose names are recorded, accompanied their Lords to the Holy Land. Some of the French nobility of the first rank were Troubadours, about the eleventh century; and the French critics, with much triumph, observe, that it is the *glory* of the French poetry to number *Counts* and *Dukes*, that is, *Sovereigns*, among its professors, from its commencement. What a glory! The Worshipful Company of Merchant-Tailors, in London, if I recollect right, boast the names of many Dukes, Earls, and Princes, enrolled in their community. This is, indeed, an honour to that otherwise respectable

society. But poets can derive no lustre from Counts, and Dukes, or even Princes, who have been enrolled in their lists; only in proportion as they have adorned the art by the excellence of their compositions."

WARTON.

PETRARCH'S BOOKS.

Few persons knew the value of books better than this poet. His friends having written to him several apologies for not visiting him, in which they declaimed against his love of solitude, as unnatural to a human being, and reproached him for his unsocial mode of life; Petrarch smiled at their messages, and scorned their reproaches, and made the following excellent remarks: "These people consider the pleasures of the world as their supreme good, and not to be renounced. But I have friends of a very different description, whose society is far more agreeable to me: they are of all countries, and of all ages; they are distinguished in war, in politics, and in the sciences. It is very easy to see them; they are always at my service. I call for their company or send them away, whenever I please: they are never troublesome,

and immediately answer all my questions. Some relate the events of ages past, others reveal the secrets of nature; these teach me how to live in comfort, those how to die in quiet. In return for all these services, they only require a chamber of me in one corner of my mansion, where they may repose in peace."

POETRY AND PAINTING.

Pope occasionally amused himself with painting, and received instruction from his friend Jervas, the fashionable painter of the day. Of all the departments in this delightful art, portrait-painting, perhaps, is the most difficult; for here, the painting is directly compared with the prototype. Pope laboured and made but sorry work of it. He, however, was not blind to his own defects; and, in a letter to his friend Gay, he thus speaks of his progress: "I have thrown away three Doctor Swifts, each of which was once my vanity; two Lady Bridgwaters, a Duchess of Montagu, beside half-a-dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucified Christ over again in effigy, and made a Madonna as old as her mother St. Anne.

Nay, what is more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himself in painting; and, as 'tis said, an angel came and finished his piece, so you would swear the devil put a last hand to mine! 'tis so begrimed and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment; for my pictures are not the likenesses of any thing in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the Indians should get a sight of them, who, they tell us, worship certain idols purely for their ugliness."

ADDISON AND GAY.

A FORTNIGHT before Addison's death, Lord Warwick came to Gay, and pressed him in a very particular manner "to go and see Mr. Addison," which he had not done for a great while. Gay went, and found Addison in a very weak state. He received him in the kindest manner, and told him, "that he had desired this visit, to beg his pardon; that he had injured him greatly; but that if he lived, he should find that he would make it up to him."—Gay, on his

going to Hanover, had great reason to hope for some good preferment; but all his views came to nothing. It is not impossible but that Mr. Addison might prevent them, from his thinking Gay too well with some of the great men of the former ministry. He did not at all explain himself; and Gay could not guess at any thing else in which he had injured him so considerably.

SPENCE.

SONG OF THE O'DRISCOLLS.

THE following translation of a spirited Irish song, may be worth preserving, as a specimen of their skill in this species of composition. It was composed for, or on, some of the piratical sept of O'Driscoll, a clan that, with the O'Sullivans, possessed a considerable part of the coast of the county Cork, and urged their trade of maritime plunder to such a formidable and fearless extent, as to rival the Algerines, who became jealous of them, and made a descent, in 1631, on their country; burning Baltimore, the principal town belonging to the O'Driscolls, and carrying off the inhabitants into slavery. This

event created the greatest consternation in Ireland, and more effectually checked the piracies of the O'Driscolls, than the repeated expeditions fitted out against them by the City of Waterford; as they appeared only to become more daring after each attack, notwithstanding the destruction of their vessels and the ruin of their castles.

" Our oars we ply, when seas run high,
And loud the winds are roaring,
Now down the depths, now up the sky,
On eagle billow soaring!

And when we hail the gentler gale,
With glee our stout hearts glowing,
Abroad we spread the spritted sail,
And catch it while 'tis blowing.

For us enough, or fair or bluff,
Waves calm or wildly foaming,
So we may launch, thro' smooth or rough,
Adventurously roaming.

Unknown to fear, the Buccanier,
Self-crown'd the Ocean Ranger,
Blow high—blow low—his course will steer,
His element is danger!"

SAMUEL LOVER,

a contemporary cultivator of the Muses, whose name has hitherto never appeared before the public as a poet, is, by profession, a miniature painter.

He was born in Dublin, in the memorable year 1798. The earliest desire of his youthful mind led him towards the profession which he has since embraced. Circumstances, however, continually intervened between his desires and the accomplishment of them; and, to gratify the wishes of his father, he embarked in commercial pursuits. Being afterwards thrown upon the world by the failure of these, his distaste for such avocations became more deeply rooted, and urged him to the daring decision of plunging into a profession for which he had no other preparation than that of a self-taught amateur. In thus consulting the bent of his inclination, he has succeeded most completely. The amusement of his youth has become the employment of his manhood; and, though now his profession, it has not ceased to be his pleasure. Painting, with her sweet sisters, Poetry and

Music, are still, as they ever were, his delight; the first affording him an honorable independence, and the others a sweet solace after the occupations of the day.

The following specimens, selected from several elegant little productions of Mr. Lover, with which the kindly feelings of friendship have induced him to favour the Editor, will prove that he is far from being an unsuccessful wooer of the Muse. The tone of feeling which pervades the first, and the sprightly and playful ease which characterizes the latter, well entitle them to preservation.

THOUGHTS OF SADNESS.

" How sad and forsaken
Is that heavy heart
Where Hope cannot waken,
Nor Sorrow depart!
So sad and so lonely,
No inmate is there,
Save one—and that only
Is chilling Despair.

How sad is the slumber
Long sufferings bring,
Whose visions out-number
The woes whence they spring!

Unblest such repose is,
Its waking is near,
And the eyelid uncloses,
Still wet with a tear.

But tho' sad 'tis to weep
O'er incurable woes;
Sad, the dream-disturb'd sleep;
Yet far deeper than those
Is the pang of concealing
The woes of the mind
From hearts without feeling,
The gay, the unkind.

For saddest of any
Is he, of the sad,
Who must smile amongst many
Where many are glad;
Who must join in the laughter,
When laughter goes round,
To plunge deeper after
In grief more profound.

Oh, such smile's like light shining
On ocean's cold wave,
Or the playful entwining
Of sweets o'er a grave;
And such laugh, sorrow spurning
At revelry's calls,
Like echoes, returning
From lone empty halls."

SONG.

"When Sorrow first was known on earth,
No power could oppose him,
Until, one day, plump buxom Mirth
Determin'd to depose him:
With brow of gloom the demon frown'd,
But Mirth, of birth divine,
Pale Sorrow in a goblet bound,
And drown'd him there with wine.

But soon as from the goblet's brim
The ruby tide subsided,
Young Mirth perceiv'd the demon grim
His heav'nly power derided:
And thus the jolly god contriv'd
To give repose to men,—
For, quickly as the fiend reviv'd,
He fill'd the bowl again."

TASSO.

HISTORIANS relate, that Tasso gave very early proofs of his great genius, and that, at the age of six months, he not only spoke and pronounced his words clearly and distinctly, but that he thought, reasoned, expressed his wants, and answered questions; and that there was nothing childish in his words but the tone of his voice; that he seldom laughed or cried, and that even then, he gave certain proofs of that equality of temper which supported him in those trying misfortunes to which he was so unfortunate a victim. Towards the end of his third year, our poet's father was obliged to follow the Prince of Salerno into Germany, which journey was the source of all the sufferings of Tasso and his family. The cause of their journey was this: Don Pedro, of Toledo, Viceroy of Naples for the Emperor Charles V., had formed a design to establish the Inquisition in that city. The Neapolitans were alarmed at it, and resolved to send a deputation to the Emperor; and for that purpose, they made choice of the Prince of Salerno, who seemed most able, by his authority and riches, to make head against the Viceroy.

Before Bernardo (his father) departed with the Prince on his embassy for Germany, he committed the care of his son to Angeluzzo, a man of learning; for he thought a boy could not be too soon put under the tuition of men. It is related, that, at three years of age, little Tasso began the study of grammar, and at four, was sent to the College of the Jesuits; where he made so rapid a progress, that, at seven, he was pretty well acquainted with the Latin and Greek languages, and, at the same age, made public orations, and wrote some pieces of poetry, of which the style is said to have retained nothing of puerility.

At the age of *nine*, he addressed the following lines to his mother, when he left Naples to follow the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of his sire.

POETRY.

" Ma del sen de la madre empia fortuna
Pargoletto divelse, at di' que' baci
Ch'ella bagno di lagrime dolenti
Con sospir mi remembra, e de gli ardenti
Preghi che sen portar l'aure fugaci,
Che i'non dovea giunger piu volto à volto
Fra quelle braccia accolto
Con nodi cosi stretti, e si tenaci,

Lasso, e seguij con mal secure plante
Qual' Ascanio, o Camilla il padre errante."

IN ENGLISH.

" Relentless fortune in my early years
Removes me from a tender mother's breast;
With sighs I call to mind the farewell tears
That bath'd her kisses when my lips she press'd!
I hear her pray'rs with ardour breath'd to heav'n,
Aside now wafted by the devious wind:
No more to her unhappy son 'tis giv'n
Th' endearments of maternal love to find!
No more her fondling arms shall round me spread;
Far from her sight reluctant I retire;
Like young Camilla or Ascanius, led
To trace the footsteps of my wand'ring sire."

JAMES THE FIRST'S CONTEMPT OF PERSONAL SATIRE.

It was never the practice of James to visit with severity, failures in the respect due to his person; for his temper, though subject to gusts of passion, was, with some exceptions, placable, and his genuine love of wit pleaded strongly in behalf of literary offenders. To this effect, Howell, the letter-writer, has given the following anecdote:

" As I remember some years since, there was

a very abusive satire, in verse, brought to our king; and as the passages were a reading before him, he often said, that if there were no more men in England, the rogue should hang for it. At last, being come to the conclusion, which was, after all his railing,

> 'Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,
> And grant the author long may wear his ears!'

"This pleased him so well, that he broke into a laughter, and said, 'By my soul, so thou shalt for me; thou art a bitter, but thou art a witty knave.'"

GOLDSMITH.

Every thing which relates to men of genius is interesting to the admirers of science: even their abodes, though humble in the extreme, when contemplated, call forth the most lively emotions.

Who will not walk up the Break-neck Stairs, between Seacoal Lane and the Old Bailey, with the greater pleasure, when he knows that it will conduct him to Green Arbour Court, where Goldsmith wrote his "Vicar of Wakefield," and his "Traveller?" A friend of Goldsmith's once

paying him a visit in this place, (March, 1759,) found him in a lodging so poor and miserable, that he said he should not have thought it proper to mention the circumstance, had he not considered it the highest proof of Goldsmith's genius and talents, by the bare exertion of which, under every disadvantage, he gradually emerged from obscurity, not only to enjoy the comforts, but even the luxuries of life, and an introduction into the best societies in the metropolis.

At the time the Doctor was writing his "Inquiry into the present State of Polite Learning," he resided in a wretched dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when he, from civility, offered it to a visitant, he was obliged to seat himself in the window. Such were the privations to which one of the first literary geniuses Ireland ever produced was heir to; but Goldsmith, more fortunate than many of his brethren, outlived them.

LADY JULIANA BERNERS,

on account of her being one of the earliest English poetesses, is entitled to honorable notice in this work. She is frequently called

Juliana Barnes, but Berners was her more proper name. She was an Essex lady, and, according to Ballard, was, probably, born at Roding, in that county, about the beginning of the fifteenth century; being the daughter of Sir James Berners, of Berners Roding, and sister of Richard, Lord Berners. If, however, as is generally agreed, Sir James Berners was her father, her birth could have been very little after 1388; for, in that year, Sir James Berners was beheaded, together with other favourites and corrupt ministers of King Richard the Second.

The education of Juliana seems to have been the very best which that age could afford, and her attainments were such, that she is celebrated by various authors for her uncommon learning and her other accomplishments, which rendered her every way capable and deserving of the office she afterwards bore; which was that of Prioress of Sopewell Nunnery. This was a cell attached to, and very near, St. Alban's; and the remains of it are still standing. Here she lived in high esteem, and flourished about the year 1460, or, perhaps, somewhat earlier.

She was very beautiful, of great spirit, and

loved masculine exercises, such as hawking, hunting, &c. With these sports she used to recreate herself; and so skilled was she in them, that she wrote treatises on hawking, hunting, and heraldry. "From an abbess disposed to turn author," says Warton, "we might more reasonably have expected a manual of meditations for the closet, or select rules for making salves, or distilling strong waters. But the diversions of the field were not thought inconsistent with the character of a religious lady of this eminent rank, who resembled an abbot in respect of exercising an extensive manorial jurisdiction, and who hawked and hunted in common with other ladies of distinction." So well esteemed were Juliana Berners's treatises, and, indeed, so popular were the subjects on which they were written, that they were published in the very infancy of the art of printing. The first edition is said to have been printed at St. Alban's, in 1481. It was certainly printed at the same place in 1486, in a small folio; and again, at Westminster, by W. de Worde, in 1496, in 4to. At the sale of the late Duke of Roxburghe, an imperfect copy of this edition was sold for the enormous price of £147.

The "Boke of Hunting" is the only one of these treatises which is written in rhyme, and begins as follows:

"Mi dere sones, where ye fare, by frith,* or by fell,†
Take good hede in his tyme how Tristrem wol tell;
How many maner bestes of venery‡ there were,
Listen now to our Dame, and ye shallen here.
Ffoure maner bestes of venery there are,
The first of hem is a hart, the second is an hare;
The boor is one of tho,§
The wolff, and no mo.‖
And whereso ye comen in play¶ or in place,
Now shall I tel you which ben bestes of chace:
One of the a buck, another a doo,
The ffox, and the marteryn, and the wilde roo:
And ye shall, my dere sones, other bestes all,
Whereso ye hem** finde, rascall hem call,
In frith or in fell
Or in fforest, y you tell.
And to speke of the hert, if ye wil hit lere,††
Ye shall call him a calfe at the first yere;
The second yere a broket, so shall he be,
The third yere a spayard, lerneth this at me;
The iiii yere calles him a stagge, be any way,
The fift yere a grete stagge, my Dame bade you say."

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* Wood. † Field. ‡ Hunting. § Them.
‖ More. ¶ Plain. ** Them. †† Learn.

MILTON'S WIFE.

MILTON repudiated his first wife for her disobedience, and, immediately after, he resolved to marry again, and, to that end, courted a lady of great accomplishments, daughter of a Doctor Davis. His wife and her friends, hearing this, resolved to effect a re-union. Milton being at the house of a relation in St. Martin's-le-Grand, he was surprised to see his wife come from an opposite room, fall down on her knees, and implore his forgiveness. He was at first inexorable; but her tears and his own generous nature brought about a reconciliation. From this scene, Milton is said to have drawn the character of his Eve, in "Paradise Lost." That their reconciliation was sincere, appears from his afterwards receiving her father and brothers, who were attached to the Royal cause, into his house, at the triumph of the Parliament.

THOMSON'S "WINTER."

SOON after the poet Thomson had published his "Winter," he presented a copy of it to Joseph Mitchell, and, in return, he sent Thom-

son his opinion of the poem, in the following couplet:—

> "Beauties and faults so thick lie scatter'd here,
> Those I could read, if these were not so near."

To this hypothetical piece of criticism, Thomson replied:

> "Why all not faults, injurious Mitchell, why
> Appears one beauty to thy blasted eye?
> Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be,
> Is all I ask, and all I want from thee."

A friend, to whom Thomson submitted his answer, remarked, that the expression, "*blasted eye,*" would look like a personal reflection on Mitchell, who really suffered under that misfortune; and Thomson made the awkward change of the epithet into *blasting*.

SWIFT'S LAST LINES.

SWIFT, in his lunacy, had some intervals of reason. On one occasion, his physicians took him with them to enjoy the advantages of fresh air. When they came to the Phœnix Park, (Dublin,) Swift remarked a new building, which

he had never before seen, and asked "what it was designed for?" To which Dr. Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr. Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for the security of the city."—"Oh, oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book, "Let me take an item of that. This is worth remarking; 'my tablets!' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets! Memory, put down that.'" Which produced the following lines, being the last the Dean ever wrote:—

"Behold a proof of Irish sense!
Here Irish wit is seen;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine."

and then put up his pocket-book, laughing heartily at the conceit, and clenching it with, "When the steed's stolen, shut the stable-door."

GENEROUS PATRONAGE OF POPE.

A NEEDY disciple of the Muses once sent a poem to Pope, which ended with the following lines:—

"The most I seriously would hope,
Is just to read the words *A. Pope*,
Writ, without sneer, or show of *banter*,
Beneath your friendly *imprimantur*."

As soon as Pope had perused the poem, he returned it to the poor bard, with the subscription-money for two copies, accompanied with the following couplet:—

"May these put money in your purse,
For I assure you I've read worse.
A. P."

SPENSER, AND THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.

It is recorded, that when Spenser had finished the "Faëry Queen," he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days. The manuscripts being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer twenty pounds. Reading further, he cried in a rapture, "Carry that man another twenty pounds!" Proceeding still, he said, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go, turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read on, I shall be ruined."

DRYDEN, AND ELKANAH SETTLE.

About 1670, appeared a tragedy, called "The Empress of Morocco," written in rhyme, by Elkanah Settle; the success of which, together

with its having been the first play embellished with engravings, seems greatly to have discomposed the mind of Dryden; who, actuated by what *he* called indignation, and *others* jealousy, wrote an intemperate critique upon the play and dedication, in which he exhibits the highest degree of spleen and scurrility.

Of Settle, he gives this character: "He's an animal of a most deplored understanding, without conversation: his being is in a twilight of sense and some glimmering of thought, which he can never fashion into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn, his rhyme incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually harsh and ill-sounding. The little talent which he has, is in fancy. He sometimes labours with a thought; but, with the pudder he makes to bring it into the world, 'tis commonly still-born; so that, for want of learning and elocution, he will never be able to express any thing either naturally or justly. He has a heavy hand at fools, and a great facility in writing nonsense for them. Fools they will be, in spite of him. His king, his two empresses, his villain, and his sub-villain, nay, his hero, have all a certain natural cast of the father: their folly was born

and bred in them, and something of the Elkanah will be visible."

On this declamatory effusion of our author, Dr. Johnson makes the following judicious remarks:

"To see the highest minds thus levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification to the pride of wisdom. But let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers, but when they are first levelled in their desires. Dryden and Settle had both placed their happiness in the claps of multitudes."

TASSO.

His first poem extended his fame so much through Italy, that his father, displeased thereat, and dreading the effect on his son's mind, went to Padua on purpose to reprimand him, and though he spoke with vehemence and harsh expressions, Tasso heard him with composure, and without interrupting him. This enraged his father, "Tell me," he exclaimed, "of what use is this vain philosophy upon which you pride yourself so much?"—"It has enabled

me," replied Tasso, modestly, "to endure the harshness of your reproofs!"

Tasso's resolve to follow the Muses, was soon known all over Italy, and he was, by means of Pietro Donato Cesi, invited to the city and college of Bologna; but he did not remain long, for Bologna becoming the theatre of civil commotions, and pressed by an invitation of Gonzaga, his old friend, who was elected prince of an academy, established at Padua, under the title of Etherei, he immediately went thither to seek that repose he loved. The happy manner in which he blended philosophy with his other studies, made him an enemy to all kind of licentiousness. In an oration on the subject of *Love*, the orator treated the subject in a very masterly manner, but with too little regard to decency, in the opinion of Tasso, who, being asked what he thought of the discourse, replied, "It is a pleasing poison."

At Padua, he formed the plan of his celebrated poem of "Jerusalem Delivered." He determined to dedicate the poem to the house of Estè; but, being equally esteemed by the two brothers, Alphonso II. Duke of Ferrara, and Cardinal Luigi, he was at a loss how to act, and a sort of

contest was kept up between the brothers. The Cardinal contended, that, as "Rinaldo" had been dedicated to him, he had an hereditary right: on the contrary, Alphonso contended, that his brother having had his share of honour, it was now his turn. Tasso, having remained undecided for three or four years, at length took up his residence in the palace of Ferrara, and placed the name of Alphonso at the head of his poem; but he neglected not to retain the Cardinal's good opinion, by every attention. Tasso was now about twenty-two years of age, and his name had become famous through all Europe.

DOCTOR JOHN DENNIS.

Mr. Theophilus Cibber relates an anecdote of this poet and critic, which is worth relating, as it is not only highly characteristic of the man, but also a striking and melancholy instance, among thousands, of the distressful predicaments into which men of genius and literary abilities are, perhaps, more apt than any others to plunge themselves, by paying too slight an attention to the common concerns of life.

"After that he was worn out" (says that author) "with age and poverty, he resided within

the verge of the Court, to prevent danger from his creditors. On Saturday night, he happened to saunter to a public-house, which, in a short time, he discovered to be without the verge. He was sitting in a drinking-room, when a man of suspicious appearance happened to come in. There was something about the man which denoted to Mr. Dennis that he was a bailiff. This struck him with a panic; he was afraid his liberty was at an end; he sat in the utmost solicitude, but did not offer to stir, lest he should be seized upon. After an hour or two had passed in this painful anxiety, at last the clock struck twelve; when Mr. Dennis, in an ecstacy, cried out, addressing himself to the suspected person, 'Now, Sir, bailiff or no bailiff, I don't care a farthing for you; you have no power now.' The man was astonished at his behaviour, and, when it was explained to him, was so much exasperated at the suspicion, that, had not Mr. Dennis found protection in age, he would, probably, have smarted for his mistaken opinion."

DANTE'S "DIVINA COMEDIA."

"DANTE wrote before we began to be at all refined; and, of course, his celebrated poem is

a sort of Gothic work. He is very singular and very beautiful in his similies, and more like Homer than any of the Italian poets. He was prodigiously learned for the times he lived in, and knew all that a man could then know. Homer, in his time, was unknown in Italy; and Petrarch boasts of being the first poet that had heard him explained. Indeed, in Dante's time, there were not above three or four people in all Italy that could read Greek (one, in particular, at Viterbo, and two or three elsewhere). But, although he had never seen Homer, he had conversed much with the works of Virgil. His poem got the name of *Comedia*, after his death. He somewhere calls Virgil's Work *Tragedia* (or sublime poetry); and, in deference to him, called his own *Comedia* (or low): and hence was that word used afterwards, by mistake, for the title of his poem."

SPENCE.

ABBE MAROLLES.

This Abbé was an indefatigable translator: Virgil, Lucan, Martial, and Athenæus, fell into his hands, and by him they were all translated in a dull and inaccurate manner. He also took it

into his head to write verses. His translation of Martial's Epigrams he sent to Menage, who wrote on the title-page, "Satires against Martial." He was one day observing to Linière how little his verses cost him. "I believe, Sir, that they cost you to the full as much as they are worth," was the reply.*

DU RYER

was as relentless a translator of the Ancients as the Abbé Marolles. It was said of him, "*Magis fami quam famæ inserviebat*," such was the hurry in which his translations appeared to have been made. He was paid for them at a certain regular proportion. He had three shillings a leaf for his prose translations, three shillings and sixpence for every hundred of long verses, and two shillings for every hundred of the shorter ones.

RHYMING.

From Miss Hawkins's Memoirs.

"THE disposition to write in rhyme does not

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* "What is written without effort, is, in general, read without pleasure."

DR. JOHNSON.

in the least prove the power to do it. When my father had written the cantatas which were set to music by Mr. Stanley, he employed a man to make a fair copy of them, and his transcriber was so pleased with them, that he not only recommended them, but tried his powers in the same way. He told his employer that he, too, could write cantatas, and asked him to hear a part of one. Four lines, my father, even at the distance of many years, remembered; but I must preface them, by saying, that the poet was clerk to an attorney, and, in a litigation between two brothers, was suspected of having given such information to the defendant, as enabled him to elude the law: to him, therefore, whom he had injured, he addressed the cantata in which these lines were found:

> 'Some say I did not use thee well,
> In fav'ring of thy brother Barrow;
> But since all that is past and gone,
> I'll drink thy health now at the Harrow.'

Telling this to Captain Gostling, he requited it by this anecdote:

"'Bermuda's poetry' is an expression almost proverbial in some parts of America. Its origin

is this:—It was agreed by a party dining at a tavern in Bermuda, of which place, it is said, that no native knows what is metre or rhyme, that every one should try to redeem the credit of the country, and that the worst poet of them should pay the reckoning. The palm of demerit was obtained by this couplet:

> 'Here she comes, and walks along,—
> A faithful friend is hard to find.'

I know not whence my father got the lines descriptive of the landing of Æneas,—

> 'And so, without any more ands and ifs,
> He jumped from off the rocks on to the cliffs.'

or who proposed the amended reading,

> 'And so without any more ifs and ands,
> He jumped from the cliffs on to the sands.'"

POETRY AND PREACHING.

In the earlier ages of English poetry, the minstrels were often more amply paid than the clergy; for in these, as in more enlightened times, the people loved better to be pleased than instructed. During many of the years of the reign of Henry the Sixth, particularly in

the year 1430, at the annual feast of the fraternity of the *Holie Crosse*, at Abingdon, a town in Berkshire, twelve priests each received four-pence, for singing a dirge; and the same number of minstrels were rewarded each with two shillings and four-pence, beside diet and horse-meat. Some of these minstrels came only from Maydenhithe, or Maidenhead, a town at no great distance, in the same county.

In the year 1441, eight priests were hired from Coventry, to assist in celebrating a yearly obit in the church of the neighbouring Priory of Maxtoke; as were six minstrels, called *Mimi*, belonging to the family of Lord Clinton, who lived in the adjoining Castle of Maxtoke, to sing, harp, and play in the hall of the Monastery, during the extraordinary refection allowed to the Monks, on that anniversary:—two shillings were given to the priests, and four to the minstrels; and the latter are said to have supped in *camerâ pictâ*, or the painted chamber of the Convent, with the Sub-prior; on which occasion, the Chamberlain furnished eight massy tapers of wax.

That the gratuities allowed to priests, even if learned, for their labours, in the same age of

devotion, were extremely slender, may be collected from other expenses of this Priory. In the same year, the Prior gives only sixpence for a sermon, to a *doctor prædicans,* or an itinerant doctor in theology of one of the mendicant orders, who went about preaching to the Religious Houses.

WARTON.

SANAZARIUS

wrote the following beautiful lines on the City of Venice, for which he was rewarded with six thousand gold crowns:—

"Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, et toti ponere jura mari,
Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantum vis Jupiter arces
Objice et alta tui mœnia Martis ait.
Si Pelago Tibrim præfers, urbem aspice utramque,
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deôs."

TRANSLATION.

"When Ocean's powerful god saw Venice stand
In its vast gulph, and all the sea command,
'Now, Jove, oppose to me,' he, proud, exclaim'd,
'Thy towers, and Mars's walls, in story fam'd;
If thou prefer thy Tiber to the Main,
A faithful survey for each city gain:
Rome, you must own, that feeble mortals made,
Whilst Venice shows the God's almighty aid."

MILTON'S "COMUS," AND CAMPION'S "MEMORABLE MASK."

THE mask of "Comus" was composed to celebrate the creation of Charles I. as Prince of Wales. A scene in this mask presented both the castle and town of Ludlow; which proves, that although our small public theatres had not exhibited any of the scenical illusions which, long afterwards, Sir William D'Avenant introduced, these scenical effects existed, in great perfection, in the masks. The minute description introduced by Thomas Campion in his "Memorable Mask," as it is called, will convince us, that the scenery must have been exquisite and fanciful; and that the poet was always a watchful and anxious partner with the mechanist, with whom he sometimes, however, quarelled. The subject of this very rare mask was "The Night and the Hours." It would be tedious to describe the first scene with the fondness with which the poet has dwelt on it. It was a double valley; one side was shadowed with dark clouds; the other, a green vale, with trees, and nine golden ones of fifteen feet high; from which grove, towards the state or seat of the King, was a broad descent to the dancing

place. The bower of Flora was on their right, the house of Night on the left; between them a hill, hanging, like a cliff, over the grove. The bower of Flora was spacious, garnished with flowers and flowery branches, with lights among them; the house of Night, ample and stately, with black columns studded with golden stars; while about it were placed, on wires, artificial bats and owls, continually moving. As soon as the King entered the great hall, the hautboys were heard from the top of the hill and from the wood, till Flora and Zephyrus were seen busily gathering flowers from the bower, throwing them into baskets which two Silvans held, attired in "changeable taffety." The burthen of their song is charming.—

"Now hath Flora robb'd her bowers
To befriend this place with flowers:—
Strew about! strew about!
Divers, divers flowers affect
For some private dear respect:—
Strew about! strew about!"

We cannot quit this mask, of which collectors know the rarity, without preserving one of those Doric delicacies, of which, perhaps, we

have outlived the taste. It is a playful dialogue between a Silvan and an Hour, while Night appears in her house, with her long black hair spangled with gold, amidst her Hours.

Silvan. Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,
Wherein dost thou most delight?
Hour. Not in sleep!
Silvan. Wherein, then?
Hour. In the frolic view of men.
Silvan. Lov'st thou music?
Hour. Oh! 'tis sweet!
Silvan. What's dancing?
Hour. E'en the mirth of feet.
Silvan. Joy you in fairies, or in elves?
Hour. We are of that sort ourselves.—
But, Silvan, say, why do you love
Only to frequent the grove?
Silvan. Life is fullest of content
When delight is innocent.
Hour. Pleasure must vary, not be long:
Come, then, let's close, and end the song.

THOMAS JORDAN, THE CITY-POET.

THIS obscure writer, whose name is, probably, new to the greater number of readers, was, according to Ritson and others, the pro-

fessed pageant-writer and poet-laureat for the City; and seems to have possessed a greater share of poetical merit than usually fell to the lot of his profession. The business of the City-poet, as we are informed by Malone, was to compose an annual panegyric on the Lord Mayor, and to write verses for the pageants. Happily, this office has been discontinued since the death of poor Elkanah Settle, in 1722; since which time, the duty of decorating each succeeding Lord Mayor with all the virtues under heaven, has devolved upon the Recorder, whose annual oration, delivered in the Court of Exchequer, in no very measured prose, appears to have taken the place of the ancient poetical panegyric.

According to Langbaine, Jordan was not only a writer, but also an actor of plays, having performed the part of *Lepida*, in "Messalina," a play acted in 1640. Before that time, however, he had commenced poet; as one of his many miscellaneous volumes, of which Sir Egerton Brydges has enumerated no less than thirty-four, appeared in 1637. He succeeded Tatham in the office of City-laureat, between 1665 and 1671; and is supposed to

have died in 1671, being himself succeeded by Taubman.

The contemporaries of this busy writer appear to have entertained but a mean opinion of his talents. Winstanley, himself the most vulgar of critics, speaks of him as "indulging his Muse more to vulgar fancies, than to the highflying wits of those times." Wesley, the progenitor of the founder of the sect of Methodists which bears his name, in his "Maggots," a very singular poetical work, published in 1685, invokes the Muse of Jordan as an inspirer of dullness, in the same way, and with almost as little justice, as Butler invokes that of honest George Wither. He has, also, a fling at him at the close of the following stanza of a "Pindarique on the grunting of a hog," which is whimsically characteristic of its author's style.

"Like the confounding lute's innumerable strings,
One of them sings;
Thy easier musick's ten times more divine,
More like the one-string'd, deep, majestic trumpmarine:—
Pr'ythee, strike-up, and cheer this drooping heart of mine!—

Not the sweet harp that's claim'd by Jews;
Nor that which to the far more ancient Welch belongs;
Nor that which the wild Irish use,
Frighting even their own wolves with their hubbubaboos;
Nor Indian dance, with Indian songs;
Nor yet,
(Which how should I so long forget?)
The crown of all the rest,
The very cream o' th' jest,
Amphion's noble lyre,—the tongs;
Nor tho' poetic *Jordan* bite his thumb
At the bold world, my Lord Mayor's flutes, and kettle-drum:
Not all this instrumental did dare
With thy soft, ravishing, vocal music ever to compare!"

Oldham, too, that biting satirist, in his verse to a printer who mangled his poetry, has a severe cut at poor Jordan, in the following couplet:—

"May'st thou print Hopkins, or some duller ass,
Jordan, or him that wrote 'Dutch Hudibras.'"

Yet, notwithstanding these confederated stigmas, Sir E. Brydges is of opinion, that there will be found, perhaps, more merit in the mass

of his poetry than in many of his much applauded contemporaries; and that his deficiency was rather in taste than in talent. The following, among other passages, which he cites in confirmation of this opinion, will shew, that Jordan was, at any rate, no mean rhymester; and that he possessed a fund of antithetical contrast, and smoothness of versification, almost equal to Young or Pope. It is a complimentary tribute, addressed to the Parliament.

"It is a sacred and transcendant session,
Where the unblemish'd purple daunts oppression;
The poor man's refuge, and the just man's care,
The true man's trial, and the false man's fear,
The good man's sanctuary, bad man's grief,
The weak man's prop, the wretched man's relief,
The patient man's reward, the scourge of pride,
The simple's safety, and the nation's guide."

BILDERDYCK.

William Bilderdyck, admired as the first poet that modern Holland has produced, and not less distinguished by the other brilliant qualities of his mind, did not, in his youth, seem to show any happy disposition for study. His father, who formed an unfavourable opinion

of his talents, was much distressed, and frequently reproached him, in severe terms, for his inattention and idleness, to which young Bilderdyck did not appear to pay much attention. In 1776, the father, with a newspaper in his hand, came to stimulate him, by showing him the advertisement of a prize offered by the Society of Leyden, and decreed to the author of a piece of poetry signed with the words, "*An Author eighteen years' old,*" who was invited to make himself known. "You ought to blush, idler," said old Bilderdyck to his son:—"here is a boy, who is only of your age, and, though so young, is the pride and happiness of his parents; and you——" "It is myself," answered young William, throwing himself into his father's arms.

EDWARD BENLOWES.

Edward Benlowes, the author of "Theophila, or Love's Sacrifice, a Divine Poem," published in 1652, and the patron of two of the best and most popular poets of the reign of Charles the First,—Quarles, and Phineas Fletcher, is thus unmercifully handled by Butler (the author of Hudibras,) in his *Character of a small*

Poet, in his "Genuine Remains," first published by Thyer, in 1759.

"There was one," says he, "that lined a hat-case with a paper of Benlowes' poetry; Prynne bought it by chance, and put a new demi-castor into it. The first time he wore it, he felt only a singing in his head, which, within two days, turned to a vertigo. He was let blood in the ear by one of the state physicians, and recovered; but, before he went abroad, he wrote a poem of *Rocks* and *Seas*, in a style so proper and natural, that it was hard to determine which was ruggeder. There is no feat of activity nor gambol of wit, that ever was performed by man, from him that vaults on Pegasus, to him that tumbles through the hoop of an anagram, but Benlowes has got the mastery of it, whether it be high-rope wit or low-rope wit. He has all sorts of echoes, rebuses, chronograms, &c., besides carwitches, cleriches, and quibbles. As for altars and pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way; for he has made a *gridiron* and a *frying-pan* in verse, that, besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise that is made by these utensils, such as the old

poet called *Sartago loquendi*. When he was a captain, he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, in the beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing, with a moral allusion of the sense to the thing: as, the *bridle of moderation*, the *saddle of content*, the *crupper of constancy*; so that the same thing was both epigram and emblem, even as a mule is both horse and ass.

"There was a tobacco-man, that wrapped Spanish tobacco in a paper of verses, which Benlowes had written against the Pope, which, by a natural antipathy that his wit has to any thing Catholic, spoiled the tobacco, for it presently turned *mundungus*. The author will take an English word, and, like the Frenchman that swallowed water and spit it out wine, with a little heaving and straining, would turn it immediately into Latin: as, *plunderat ille domos—mille hocopokianay*,—and a thousand such."

"The cream of the jest," says Cole, in his MS. Collections, "is, that Mr. Thyer, the annotator and publisher of these 'Remains,' having never heard of such a person as Mr. Benlowes, gives us the following note upon this passage:

"'As I never heard of any poet of this name,

I take it for granted, that this is a cant word for some one that he did not choose to name; and I think it not improbable, that the person meant was Sir John Denham. What suggested to me this conjecture is, Butler's avowed sentiments of that gentleman, and a circumstance which follows in the next paragraph, in which Benlowes is said to have been a captain once, which coincides with the history of Sir John, who, in the beginning of the civil war, was employed in a military capacity in the King's service.'"

Pope is very severe upon him in his "Dunciad," where he says,

"Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;"

and Warburton, in his note upon this passage, represents him as a "country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets." In this estimate of his character, we cannot altogether agree, for there are in several of his pieces, of which Wood has enumerated fourteen, and particularly in his "Theophila," many uncommon and excellent thoughts; but his metaphors, it is true, are often strained and far-fetched, and he sometimes loses himself in mystic divinity. In the management of his

worldly affairs he appears to have acted with little discretion, having made a shift, although he was never married, to squander away his estate, which amounted to seven hundred or a thousand pounds a-year, on poets, musicians, &c., who, in return for his generosity, used to style him "Benevolus," by way of anagram on his name. He was imprisoned for debt, and died, at the age of seventy-three, in poverty and distress.

WALTER SCOTT,

not the celebrated Baronet of that name, but an elder and earlier Walter, who describes himself as

> "An old soldier and no scholar,
> And one that can write none
> But just the letters of his name,"

published, in 1688, "The True History of several Honourable Families of the Right Honourable Name of Scott, &c., gathered out of Antient Chronicles, Histories, and Traditions of our Fathers." On the death of his grandfather, Sir Robert Scott, of Thirlstone, his father, having no means to bring up his children, put poor Walter to attend beasts in the field;

"but," says he, "I gave them the short cut at last, and left the kine in the carn, and ever since that time, I have continued a souldier abroad and at home."

The singular production noticed above, which was written at the age of seventy-three, has so much of the whimsical solemnity of *nothing*, and is written in so uncouth a style, that a specimen may, probably, afford the reader some amusement. For this purpose, we shall select his account of a celebrated impostor of his race.

"Walter Scott was Robert's son;
And Robert he was Walter's son,
The first of Whitehaugh that from Borthwick sprung.
That Wat of Whitehaugh was cousin-german
To John of Borthwick that fasted so long.
Three sundry times he did perform
To fast forty days, I do aver;
Bishop Spotswood, my author is he,
A profound learn'd prelate, that would not lie:
When James the Fifth he was Scotland's King,
In the Castle of Edinburgh he incarcer'd him,
And would not believe the country says,
That any mortal could fast forty days;
Bare bread and water the King allow'd for his meat,
But John Scott refused and would not eat:
'When the forty days were come and gone,
He was a great deal lustier than when he began.'

Then of the King he did presume
To beg recommendation to the Pope of Rome,
'Where there he fasted forty days more,
And was neither hungry, sick, nor sore.'
From Rome he did hastily return,
And arrived in Brittain at London,
Where Henry the Eighth he got notice,
That John Scott had fasted twice forty days;
The King would not believe he could do such thing,
For which he commanded to incarcerate him;
Forty days expired, he said he had no pain,
That his fast had been but ten hours' time.
Here, Walter Scott, I'll draw near an end,
From John of Borthwick, thy fathers did descend," &c.

The following account of this John Scott is given in Dalzell's "Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century," on the authority of Lesly and Bishop Spotiswoode.

"A person, having a lawsuit, and unable to pay, took refuge in Holyrood-House, which is still a sanctuary for debtors. He abstained a long time from food; on which the King, it is said, tried this faculty, for thirty-two days, in a private chamber. He was dismissed, and, coming half naked into the street, professed to the people, that what he had done was from the assistance of the Virgin Mary.

Many supposed him a sacred person, but others, with more probability, that he was mad; so that, being soon neglected, he went to Rome, where he gave Pope Clement a similar proof, and, besides getting a certificate of so valuable a quality, he obtained some money to defray the expense of a journey to Jerusalem.

"As he returned by London, he preached against King Henry's divorce and defection from the Holy See, for which he was imprisoned; and having fasted fifty days, he was dismissed for a madman. Falling in with another rogue by profession, who earned a livelihood by exhibiting miracles, and selling relics, they agreed to join their fortunes. But one of them appropriating too much of the spoil, the other deserted him; and, erecting an altar, set up his own daughter, a beautiful young woman, as an image of the Virgin Mary, and thousands flocked to worship her. The cell became a kind of fashionable resort; young men and women made pilgrimages to the hermit, but, as we learn from Sir David Lindsay's 'Exclamatioun aganis Idolatrie,' for purposes very different from devout. The imposture was, however, exposed, as soon as men durst begin to write."

We must not omit the "Envoy" of Walter Scott's poem:

"—— Begone, my book, stretch forth thy wings and fly
Amongst the nobles and gentility:
Thou'rt not to sell to scavengers and clowns,
But given to worthy persons of renown.
The number 's few I've printed, in regard
My charges have been great, and I hope reward;
I caused not print many above twelve score,
And the printers are engaged that they shall print no more."

The book was reprinted in 1776.

BAXTER'S JUDGMENT OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

THE following extract from the Prefatory Address to this celebrated Nonconformist's "Poetical Fragments, 1681," comprises an interesting notice of several contemporary writers, of high reputation in their day.

"These times have produced many excellent poets; among whom, for strength of wit, Dr. [Mr.] Abraham Cooley [Cowley] justly bears the bell. I much value Mr. Woodford's Paraphrase on the Psalms; though his genius, or somewhat else, expounds some of the Psalms so, as the next age will confute. A Woman's

Poems, the Lady Catherine Phillips, are far above contempt; but that is best to me which is most holy.

"Honest George Withers, though a rustic poet, hath been very acceptable; as to some, for his prophecies, so to others, for his plain country honesty. The vulgar were the more pleased with him for being so little courtly as to say—

> 'If I might have been hung, I know not how
> To teach my body how to cringe and bow,
> And to embrace a fellow's hinder quarters,
> As if I meant to steal away his garters:
> When any bowed to me, with congees trim,
> All I could do, was stand and laugh at him.
> Bless me! thought I, what will this coxcomb do?
> When I perceiv'd one reaching at my shoe.'

"Quarles yet outwent him: mixing competent wit with piety; especially in his poem against 'Rest on Earth.'

"Silvester, or Dubartas, seems to me to outdo them both.

"Sir Fulk Grevill, Lord Brook, a man of great note in his age, hath a poem lately printed (1670), for subjects' liberty, which I greatly wonder this age would bear. There are no

books that have been printed these twenty years, that I more wonder at that ever they were endured, than Richard Hooker's eight books of Ecclesiastical Polity, dedicated by Bishop Gauden to our present King, and vindicated by him, and these poems of Sir Fulk Grevill, Lord Brook.

"Davies's '*Nosce teipsum*' is an excellent poem, in opening the nature, faculties, and certain immortality of man's soul.

"But I must confess, after all, that, next the Scripture Poems, there are none so savoury to me, as Mr. George Herbert's and Mr. George Sandys's. I know that Cowley and others far exceed Herbert in wit and accurate composure; but as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words, feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest; so Herbert speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in the world is most with God. Heart-work and Heaven-work make up his books: and Dubartas is seriously divine; and George Sandys

'Omne tulit punctum, dum miscuit utile dulci.'

"His Scripture Poems are an elegant and

excellent paraphrase; but especially his Job, whom he hath restored to the original glory. O that he had turned the Psalms into metre fitted to the usual tunes! It did me good, when Mrs. Wyat invited me to see Bexley-Abbey, in Kent, to see upon the old stone-wall in the garden, a summer-house, with this inscription, in great golden letters, that 'In *that* place, Mr. G. Sandys, after his travels over the world, retired himself for his poetry and contemplations.' And none are fitter to retire to God, than such as are tired with seeing all the vanities on earth."

An extract from the principal "fragment" in Baxter's Collection, which consists of a Metrical Memoir of the pious author, may not be unacceptable.

"My parents here thy skilful hand did plant,
Free from the snares of riches and of want;
Their tender care was used for me alone,
Because thy Providence gave them but one:
Their early precepts so possess'd my heart,
That, taking root, they did not thence depart;
Thy wisdom so contriv'd my education,
As might expose me to the least temptation;
Much of that guilt thy mercy did prevent,
In which my spring-time I should else have spent.

Yet sin sprung up, and early did appear
In love of play, and lies produced by fear;
An appetite pleased with forbidden fruit;
A proud delight in literate repute;
Excess of pleasure in vain tales, romances;
Time spent in feigned histories and fancies,
In idle talk, conform to company;
Childhood and youth had too much vanity;
Conscience was oft resisted, when it check'd,
And holy duty I did much neglect."

TASSO'S "JERUSALEM DELIVERED."

Tasso completed this poem in the 30th year of his age; but it was not published by his own authority. The public had already seen several parts of it, which were furnished them by its patrons; but as soon as he had finished the last book, it was sent into the world before he had time to revise, or make those corrections such a work required. The success of the poem was prodigious: it was translated into the Latin, French, Spanish, and even the Oriental languages, almost as soon as it appeared.

The satisfaction, which, in spite of Tasso's philosophy, he must naturally have felt by the great applause which he received at this time

from the public, was soon disturbed by a melancholy event. Bernardo Tasso, his father, who had passed his old age in tranquillity at Ostia upon the Po, the government of which had been given him by the Duke of Mantua, fell sick. Tasso hastened to attend him, and scarce ever quitted the bed-side during the whole illness of his father; but, spite of all his attention, overcome with age, and the violence of his distemper, Bernardo, to the great affliction of his son, paid the debt of nature. The Duke of Mantua, who had a sincere regard for Bernardo, caused him to be interred, with great pomp, in the Church of St. Egidius, at Mantua, and had this simple inscription placed over his tomb:—"*Ossa Bernardi Tassi.*"—"*The bones of Bernardo Tasso.*"

PETER PINDAR.

Dr. Wolcot, better known by the name of Peter Pindar, from the prodigious sale of his early pieces, became a desirable object of bookselling speculation; and about the year 1795, Robinson and Walker entered into a

treaty to grant him an annuity for his published works, and, on certain conditions, for his unpublished ones. While this was pending, Peter had an attack of asthma, which he did not conceal or palliate, but, at meetings of the parties, his asthma always interrupted the business. A fatal result was of course anticipated, and, instead of a sum of money, an annuity of £250 per annum was preferred. Soon after the bond was signed, Peter called on Walker, the manager for the parties, who, surveying him with a scrutinizing eye, asked him how he did. "Much better, thank you," said Peter; "I have taken measure of my asthma; the fellow is troublesome, but I know his strength, and am his master."—"Oh!" said Walker, gravely, and turned into an adjoining room, where Mrs. Walker, a prudent woman, had been listening to the conversation. Peter, aware of the feeling, paid a keen attention to the husband and wife, and heard the latter exclaim,—"There now, didn't I tell you he wouldn't die? fool that you've been! I knew he wouldn't die." Peter enjoyed the joke, and outlived both the parties, receiving the annuities for twenty-four years, during which, various efforts were used to frustrate his claims.

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Among the great number of persons of an inferior station of life and confined education, who have, during the last half-century, distinguished themselves as poets, none, if we except his countryman Burns, has, in our opinion, inherited from Nature a more ample portion of genius than James Hogg.

With a mind so susceptible to the impressions of external objects, and surrounded by scenery calculated to awaken his feelings by the combination of the picturesque, the romantic, and the sublime, it is hardly to be wondered at that he should have expressed those feelings in poetry of no common energy and originality.

Unlike those puny productions of pastoral bards, which the injudicious flattery of admirers, incompetent to form a judgment, has so often obtruded on the public, his compositions may bear comparison with many of the happiest flights of the more cultivated geniuses of this truly poetic age.

In almost every style of verse which he has attempted, and there are few which he has left untried, he has succeeded. His Poetical Works, which are comprised in four 12mo. volumes

are replete with beauties, from which we select the following.

"THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

"The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over,
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover:
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets,
And embroider'd the cover;
But his sheets were more white,
And his canopy grander,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander.

Alas! pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you,
I see you sit shiv'ring,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him,
For still, still he lies
With a wreath on his bosom.

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you ;
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you ;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corse of your lover."

Hogg is a name of which Scotland may justly be proud: his fame will survive when the memory of many who are now more highly extolled, shall be swept away by the ruthless hand of time, and succeeding generations of Scotia's children will peruse with delight the effusions of "THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD."

SHAKSPEARE'S JUBILEE.

When Garrick first proposed to institute a Jubilee, in honour of our immortal Shakspeare, the public immediately formed very high expectations of the entertainment they were to receive. The design was certainly noble in itself, whatever might be the motives; and, in spite of all the ridicule and opposition which envy or malice exerted, it was carried into execution. It was allowed, by men of the first rank in the literary world, that no occasion of festivity ever was, or ever could be, more justifiable, than that of paying honours to the memory of so great an ornament to his country, as the inimitable Shakspeare.

In the spring and summer of 1769, great preparations were made in all parts of the town, against the approaching festival. A very large and magnificent octagonal amphitheatre was erected upon the Bankcroft, close to the river Avon; and which, to please the prevailing taste, somewhat resembled Ranelagh Rotunda: it was capable of conveniently holding above one thousand spectators.

Upon the margin of the Avon were ranged

thirty cannon, (sixteen of them thirty-two pounders,) twelve cohorns, and some mortars, to be fired upon the opening of, and during, the Jubilee; and an immense quantity of fire-works, and variegated lamps for the illuminations, were sent in two waggons from London, for the amusement of the company.

A beautiful ribbon (afterwards formed into favours) was purposely made at Coventry, and called the Jubilee ribbon, which united and blended all the colours of the rainbow.

A medal, engraved by Mr. Westwood, of Birmingham, similar to that worn by Garrick, was struck on this occasion, in copper, silver, and gold: these, as well as the ribbon, were eagerly bought up. On one side was a good likeness of Shakspeare, with the following words from his own play of Hamlet,—"*We shall not look upon his like again.*" On the reverse,—"*Jubilee at Stratford, in honour and to the memory of* SHAKSPEARE. Sept. 1769. D. G. Steward."

The first opening of the Jubilee was announced by firing the cannon, ranged upon the banks of the Avon, about five o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 6th of September, 1769; and im-

mediately afterwards, the principal ladies were serenaded by a number of young men, fantastically dressed, belonging to the theatre, with the following song, accompanied by hautboys, flutes, clarionets, guitars, and other instruments:—

"Let beauty with the sun arise,
To Shakspeare tribute pay;
With heav'nly smiles, and speaking eyes,
Give lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name,
What face shall dare to frown?
Not envy's self can blast the fame,
Which beauty deigns to crown."

The company were also entertained with the Warwickshire ballad, written by Garrick. The whole town being roused by these performances, the Corporation assembled, about eight o'clock, in one of the principal streets. A public breakfast was held at the Town, or Shakspeare's Hall, at nine, to which every purchaser of a guinea ticket for the various entertainments, (the masquerade only excepted, which was rated separately at half-a-guinea,) was admitted, upon payment of a shilling, and regaled with tea, coffee, and chocolate. Garrick, who officiated as

Steward, came to the breakfast-room soon after eight, to see that every thing was properly prepared for the reception of the company, as well as to be himself in readiness to receive them.

Previous to the arrival of the company, the Mayor and Corporation waited upon Garrick, at Shakspeare's Hall; where William Hunt, Esq. the Town Clerk, delivered to him the ensigns of his office, viz. a medal (on which was carved a bust of the bard, and richly set in gold) and wand, both made of the famous mulberry-tree.

From the Town Hall, the company proceeded in regular order, to the Church; where the Oratorio of "Judith," composed by Dr. Arne, was well performed in a large temporary orchestra, erected under the organ. This piece opened at eleven; and, at its close, Garrick, at the head of the performers, walked in procession from the Church, attended by a large cavalcade of the nobility and gentry, in their coaches, chaises, &c. to the amphitheatre—Vernon, and the rest, singing the following Chorus:

"This is a day, a holiday! a holiday!
Drive spleen and rancour far away;
This is a day, a holiday! a holiday!
Drive care and sorrow far away.

Here Nature nurs'd her darling boy,*
From whom all care and sorrow fly,
Whose harp the Muses strung:
From heart to heart let joy rebound,
Now, now, we tread enchanted ground,
Here Shakspeare walk'd and sung!"

At three, a grand and sumptuous banquet was given at the amphitheatre, Garrick presiding as Steward. The company were occasionally gratified with a variety of new songs, catches, and glees, adapted to the purpose of the Jubilee; after which, they separated, to prepare for the assembly. The whole town was illuminated, drums were beating, and a tumult of perfect satisfaction every where predominated. The assembly at the amphitheatre was numerously attended; during which, a succession of beautiful fire-works were let off. Dancing continued till about three o'clock; and thus ended the first day's entertainment.

On the second day, the performers walked

* This verse was sung opposite the house where Shakspeare was born.

in procession, each assuming one of Shakspeare's characters; it was, in most other respects, similar to the preceding.

The third and last day unfortunately turned out rainy, which very naturally *damped* the expectations of the company.

WILLIAM CLELAND.

It is somewhat remarkable, that Cleland, though one of the most gallant leaders of the oppressed Covenanters, and highly distinguished in his own time for attachment to the patriotic cause, which he zealously and daringly defended both by his sword and his pen,—should only be now known to the public by a few brief and casual notices. Most of the other Whig champions of that period, whether clerical or military —from the devout and enthusiastic Cameron himself, to the dark and desperate Balfour of Burley,—have found some friendly historian to record their achievements and their sufferings. But of Cleland's biography, the few scattered vestiges still existing may be comprised in a few sentences.

He first distinguished himself at the conflict

of Drumclog or Loudon Hill, where he acted as an officer of foot. It seems probable, that he had previously acquired some degree of influence among the non-conformists, either from rank, ability, or enthusiasm, since he was chosen, at so early an age, to act as one of their commanders in that desperate emergency; for he had then scarcely reached his eighteenth year.

In his volume of "Poems, composed upon Various Occasions," the lines, entitled 'Hollo my Fancie,' are said to have been "written by him the last year he was at the College, not then fully eighteen years of age." His "Mock Poem upon the Expedition of the Highland Host," was, probably, written about the same period, namely, in the interval between the winter of 1678, when the Highlanders were brought down upon the country, and the insurrection of the Whigs in May, 1679. Perhaps the spirit and zeal displayed in these effusions might recommend the author to the respect and confidence of the Cameronian leaders, many of whom were certainly neither deficient in learning nor polite accomplishments, though it has been but too much the fashion since to speak of them as mere illiterate, vulgar, and ferocious enthusiasts. On

the unfortunate day of *Bothwell-Bridge,* Cleland held the rank of Captain.

Whether he made his escape beyond seas after being denounced for his appearance at Drumclog and Bothwell, or continued to lurk, with others of the proscribed and "intercommuned" Covenanters, among the fastnesses of his native country, is not clear; but it appears, from a passage in Wodrow, that he was in Scotland in 1685, "being then under hiding" among the wilds of Lanark and Ayr shires. Captain John Campbell, of Over Welwood, who had some time before escaped from the "iron-house in the Canongate," after skulking for a while among the hills and moors of that wild district, accidentally met with Cleland, about the time "when Argyle was coming in," and "spent most of the summer with him and his companions, John Fullerton, Robert Langlands, George Barclay, and Alexander Peden, and met with many wonderful deliverances." As we hear nothing more of Cleland till after the Revolution, it seems likely that he effected his escape to the Continent, after the failure of Argyle's ill-conducted enterprise, when the only hopes of the oppressed reverted to Holland.

View of Shakspeare's Birth-Place, with the Jubilee Procession.

After the Revolution, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Earl of Angus' regiment, called the Cameronian Regiment, from being chiefly composed of levies raised among that staunch and zealous clan; and shortly after, in August, 1689, he was killed at the head of this corps, while they manfully and successfully defended the Churchyard of Dunkeld against a superior force of Highlanders. At this period, he is stated to have been "within twenty-eight years of age."

Of his personal character it is not possible to form any very accurate estimate, from the little that is known of his history, or even from his Works, which were collected and published, in 1697, in a small 12mo. volume, which is now very scarce. They consist almost entirely of scoffing and indignant satires against the sycophantish prelates and savage persecutors who had proscribed his friends and ruined his country. An extract from "A Mock Poem upon the Expedition of the Highland Host, who came to destroy the Western Shires, in Winter, 1678," will serve to give an idea of his acuteness and powers of description, at that early age.

" But those who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirnie standarts ;
Who led the van and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted of their gear ;
With brogues, trues, and pirnie plaides,
And good blew bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flipe,
Adorn'd with a tobacco-pipe.
With durk, and snap-work, and snuff-mill,
A bagg which they with onions fill,
And as their strick observers say,
A tupe-horn fill'd with usquebay.
A slasht-out coat beneath their plaides,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides ;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good's the countrey can affoord—
Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fights with all these arms at once ?
It's marvellous how in such weather
O'er hill and hop they came together ;
How in such stormes they came so farr ;
The reason is, they're smear'd with tar,
Which doth defend them heel and neck,
Just as it doth their sheep protect— * * *
Nought like religion they retain,
Of moral honestie they're clean.
In nothing they're accounted sharp,
Except in bag-pipe and in harpe.
For a misobliging word,
She'll durk her neighbour o'er the boord,

And then she'll flee like fire from flint,
She'll scarcely ward the second dint:
If any ask her of her thrift,
Foresooth her *Nainsell* lives by thift."

POETICAL ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH GARRETS.

We never think of a garret, but an infinitude of melancholy and lanky associations of skin and bone, poets and authors, come thronging on our imaginations. All ideas of the sins of the flesh evaporate on our entrance; for if all the flesh that has ever inhabited a garret were to be duly weighed in the balances, we are of opinion, that it would not amount to a ton. In walking up the steps that lead to this domiciliary appendage of genius, we are wholly overcome by the sanctity of the spot. We think of it as the resort of greatness, the cradle and grave of departed intellect, and pay homage to it in a sullen smile, or a flood of tears. A palace, a church, or a theatre, we can contrive to pass with some degree of indifference; but a garret, a place where Goldsmith flourished, and Chatterton died, we can never presume to enter without first paying a tribute of reverence to the pre-

siding deity of the place. How venerable does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with its angular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face, its tattered and threadbare walls, like old Johnson's wig, and its numberless "loop-holes of retreat" for the north wind to peep through, and cool the poet's imagination. The very forlornness of its situation inspires elevated ideas in proportion to its altitude; it seems isolated from the world, and adapted solely to the intimate connexion that genius holds with heaven.

It was in a lonely garret, far removed from all connexion with mortality, that Otway conceived and planned his affecting tragedy of "Venice Preserved;" and it was in a garret that he ate the stolen roll, which ultimately terminated in his death. It was in a garret that poor Butler indited his inimitable "Hudibras," and convulsed the King and the Court with laughter, while he himself writhed in the pangs of starvation. Some one has thus aptly alluded to the circumstance:—

"When Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;

See him, resolv'd to clay and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown :—
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone !"

A gentleman found Dryden in his old age exposed to the attacks of poverty, and pining in a garret, in an obscure corner of London. "You weep for my situation," exclaimed the venerable poet, on seeing him; "but, never mind, my young friend, the pang will be over soon." He died a few days afterwards. Poor Chatterton! "the sleepless boy, who perished in his pride," overcome by the pressure of poverty, and stung to the quick by the heartless neglect of a bigoted aristocrat, *commenced his immortality* in a garret in Shoreditch. For two days previous to his death, he had eaten nothing. His landlady, pitying his desolate condition, invited him to sup with her: he spurned the invitation with contempt, and put an end to his existence by poison. Crowds inflicted elegies to his memory, the length and breadth of which filled volumes, while the subject of these doleful tributes lies buried in a workhouse burying ground in Shoe-lane, unnoticed by epitaph or eulogy. When a nobleman happened, by

chance, to call upon Johnson, he found this great author in a state of the most desponding hopelessness. A thing which an antiquarian might, perhaps, discover to have once been a table, was stationed in the middle of the garret; a few unfinished papers and manuscripts were scattered about the uncarpeted floor in every direction, and the unfortunate owner of these curiosities had neither pens, ink, paper, nor credit, to continue his lucubrations. It was about this time, when threatened to be turned out of his literary pig-stye, that he applied to Richardson, the celebrated novelist, for assistance, who instantly sent him five pounds, a sum which relieved him from misery and a dungeon.

Poor Goldsmith was once seated in his garret, where the "Deserted Village" was written, in familiar conversation with a friend, when his pride was considerably annoyed by the abrupt entrance of the little girl of the house, with "Pray, Mr. Goldsmith, can you lend Mrs. —— a chamber-pot full of coals?" The mortified poet was obliged to return an answer in the negative, and endure the friendly, but sarcastic, condolence of his companion. In a garret,

either in the Old Bailey, or in Green-arbour Court, the exquisite "Citizen of the World,' and equally celebrated "Vicar of Wakefield," were written. Of the last-mentioned work, the following ludicrous anecdote is not, we believe, generally known:—

While Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of his novel, he was roused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of his landlady, to whom he was considerably in arrears, with a huge bill for the last few weeks' lodgings. The poet was thunderstruck with surprise and consternation: he was unable to answer her demands, either then, or in future. At length, the lady relieved the nature of his embarrassment, by offering to remit the liquidation of the debt, provided he would accept her as his true and lawful spouse. His friend, Dr. Johnson, chanced, by great good luck, to come in at the time; and, by advancing him a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his establishment, consisting only of himself and a dirty shirt, relieved him from his matrimonial shackles.

A literary friend once called to pay Fielding a visit, and found him in a miserable garret,

without either furniture or convenience, seated on a gin-tub turned up for a table, with a common trull by his side, and a half-emptied glass of brandy and water in his hand. This was the idea of consummate happiness entertained by the immortal author of "Tom Jones," by him whose genius handed down to posterity the inimitable character of Square, with his "eternal fitness of things."

Boissy, the French poet, and his family, being unable to procure subsistence by their literary exertions, came to the somewhat novel expedient of anticipating the period of their starvation. They blocked up the door of their garret with the miserable remnants of their furniture; and, locked in each other's arms, with their little children by their side, coolly awaited the period of their final release from the thraldom of existence. In the last hours of sinking nature, the door of their garret was forcibly burst open, and their friend entered, and beheld the parents dying and the children dead. With some difficulty, the former were restored to health, and lived to behold a youth of misery obliterated in an old age of honour and happiness.

Our modern Bloomfield, of rural and pastoral celebrity, wrote his "Farmer's Boy" in a garret occupied by shoemakers, and pursued his poetical occupation amid the din of arms and clattering of heels. Collins composed his odes in some such miserable dwelling; and, to complete the grand climax of intellect, and for ever immortalize the name and reminiscences of a garret, this prodigious exertion of wit,—this beautiful article, was written in one.

It is, we believe, generally known, that Johnson and Garrick resolved to try their fortunes in the metropolis, at one and the same time. They reached London in a most pitiable condition; the one with a shirt and half a pair of breeches, the other with two brace of stockings without tops or bottoms, and took up their abode in an obscure corner of the metropolis, where they lived in a miserable garret, for some time subsequent to their arrival. The histrionic reputation of Garrick burst out at last in all its meridian refulgence, while the poor lexicographer was condemned to make the most of his solitary shirt, and lie in bed while the linen underwent the unusual but necessary ceremony of ablution. Many years afterwards,

when both had attained unexampled celebrity, Johnson rallied Garrick at a dinner party on their early poverty, and the meanness of the garret they had occupied. Garrick's pride was nettled at so unwelcome a recollection, and he equivocally denied the assertion. "Come, come," said the surly philosopher to the mortified tragedian, "don't forget old friends, Davy; thou knowest that we lived in a garret for many months, and that I reached London with threepence in my pocket, whilst thou, Davy, hadst only three halfpence in thine."

What a ludicrous sight it must have been, to have suddenly popped upon Johnson as he stood, in a listless attitude, at the corner of some blind alley, with Savage, or divers other wits for his companions, to whom he was dictating the precepts of wisdom, and laying hold of their ragged coats in order to ensure attention. A contemporary satirist,—we forget who it is,—has somewhere mentioned, that he was standing with Savage and Johnson in the manner we have described, when a wag came up, and informed the alarmed company, that he had seen an unpleasant-looking gentleman skulking about, like a hound in pursuit of a bag fox.

The poets instantly decamped, Johnson waddling in the rear, afraid, most probably, of an unseasonable visit to the Bench; and fled to their garrets with a celerity that set all competition at defiance. What a delicious sight to behold, though but for an instant, the undignified scampering of the grave big-wigged author of the "Rambler," followed by the galloping lankiness of Savage!

The famous satirist, Churchill, who, as Lord Byron observes, "once blazed the meteor of a season," was originally bred a clergyman; but, whether from disgust to the sacred functions of a priest, or from despair of ever being able to obtain "the loaves and fishes," or, what is still more probable, from the natural caprice of genius, resigned his profession, and commenced author and politician. He met with the usual concomitants of literature, and composed his "Rosciad" partly at an obscure tavern, and partly in a garret in a remote quarter of the metropolis.

As he was once wandering home drunk to his mean abode, he encountered a woman of the town, who joined him, and, seeing his gross inebriety, led him into a field in the

neighbourhood of Battersea. On waking in the morning, the poet stretched out his arms, with the intention of undrawing the curtains of the bed in which he supposed himself to be, and grasped a bundle of cabbages; to increase, if possible, his surprise, he discovered that he had been deposited on the capacious summit of a dunghill, with a prostitute snoring by his side. His first thought was to tax her with robbing him; but, on finding his pocket-book safe, he was so pleased with her unusual fit of honesty, that he gave her two-thirds of his possessions, consisting, at that time, of about fifteen guineas (an enormous sum for a poet in those days) and took her to his garret, where she was ever afterwards a welcome visitor.

The late celebrated Peter Pindar was notorious for his frequent and facetious allusions to garrets, from which, however, his habitual parsimony generally enabled him to escape. When he could find no fault with the productions of an author, it was his common practice to tax him with poverty, and a residence in Grub-street. Indigence was, in his estimation, on a par with guilt. Pope, in his "Dunciad," has shown himself of the same way of thinking.

Dr. Paul Hiffernan, a celebrated wit in the time of Johnson, once went to call on his friend Foote, or, as he was justly called, "the English Aristophanes," and, without inquiring for his room, ran precipitately up into the garret. Foote, who at that time resided in a less aërial situation, called after him. "'Tis no use," replied Hiffernan, "to shew me your room; who ever thought of asking, when every one knows that there never yet was a poet without his garret."

Unfortunately, these celebrated abodes of genius, these upper *stories*, like all other old and dull *stories*, are now waxing stale and out of fashion. Authors are no longer measured by their leanness, poets are no longer skinny, and Parnassus is no longer a bleak, desolate, and unprofitable clime.

PECULIAR HABITS OF POETS.

Young wrote his "Night Thoughts" with a scull, and a candle in it, before him. His own scull was luckily in the room, or very little aid would have been yielded by the other.

It is said, that Dryden was always cupped

and physicked, previous to a grand effort at tragedy.

Bembo had a desk of forty divisions, through which his sonnets passed in succession, before they were published; and at each transition, they received correction.

Milton used to sit leaning backward obliquely in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the elbow of it. He frequently composed lying in bed in the morning; but when he could not sleep, and lay awake whole nights, not one verse could he make; at other times, flowed easy his unpremeditated lines, with a certain impetus and œstrum, as himself used to believe. Then, whatever the hour, he rang for his daughter to commit them to paper. He would sometimes dictate forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number. These may appear trifles; but such trifles assume a sort of greatness, when related of what is great.

Thuanus tells us, that Tasso was frequently seized with violent fits of distraction; which yet did not prevent his writing excellent verses.

LUCRETIUS, also, "running distracted by drinking a love potion, wrote some books during his lucid intervals."—*Chron. Eusebii.*

IT has been said, that it was not but by strong application and violent labour, that MALHERBE produced his divine poetical performances. His Muse might have been compared with some women, who suffer the pangs of child-bearing for seven or eight days successively; and since his pangs were longer and more violent than those to which Balzac was subject in the like cases, they must have been horrible. Consider the following passage in Balzac's Letters to Conrart; Letter the eleventh: "At last it is finished; I mean the discourse which I mentioned to you in my last letter, and which is one of the five that I promised you. It has fatigued, it has exhausted me, it has made me curse *the trade* a dozen times. Though you may tell me, this is still to be more easily satisfied than was that honest man, whom I so often quote to you. He blotted half a ream of paper in making and retrenching one single stanza. If you are curious to know which stanza it was, it begins with—

> ' Comme en cueillant une guirlande,
> L'homme est d'autant plus travaillé.'

" Good God! what pains do we take in such trifles! trifles moral and political, in French and in Latin, in prose and in verse?" This good man was Malherbe, for we find the lines in his Poesies, liv. 4.

Balzac also tells us, that Malherbe, the best French poet of his time, " said the most genteel things in the world; but he did not say them with a good grace, and he was the worst reciter of his age. He spoilt his fine verses in reading them; besides, that one could scarce hear him for the impediment in his speech and the lowness of his voice. He spit at least six times in reciting a stanza of four lines; and it was this which caused the Cavalier Marin to say of him, that he had never seen so moist a man, or so dry a poet."

POETRY AND POETS.

The second thoughts of poets are not unworthy of notice. Pope has this verse in his " Essay on Man:"

> " Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man,
> A mighty maze! but not without a plan."

But in the first edition it was, "A mighty maze without a plan!" GRAY's second thoughts seem to be better than the first, for he displays the same contradiction. In the first edition of his "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat," it was printed, "What cat's a foe to fish?" when the strongest proof of it is in this very ode. It was altered to "What cat's *averse* to fish?" Such inadvertencies, however, though they may be good-humouredly pointed out, will take place even amongst the greatest geniuses.

"YOU ought not to write verses," said King George II., who had little taste, to Lord Hervey, "'tis beneath your rank: leave such work to little Mr. Pope; it is his trade!" On the other hand, Woolaston's "Religion of Nature Delineated" even became a fashionable book at Court, *for* the Queen read it.

A HAPPY thought, which may please the Court, is better for a poet, than all his genius, learning, or even integrity. Dr. DONNE, in the 168th page of his "Pseudo Martyr," holds, that when men congregate to form the *body* of civil society, then it is that the *soul* of society, *So-*

VEREIGN POWER, is sent from God, just as he sends the soul into the human embargo, when the two sexes propagate their kind. In the 19th page, and elsewhere, he mentioned, that the office of the civil sovereign extends to the care of *soul!* For this absurd and blasphemous trash, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and publicity of Donne's genius having never enabled him to get bread through the *better* part of his life.—*Warburton.*

BEAUMONT, usually the poetical partner with Fletcher, wrote a poem, entitled, "The Hermaphrodite." It was printed singly, in 4to. 1602. Beaumont has prefixed to his Hermaphroditus a few lines, by way of introduction, which conclude with a very odd wish, viz.

"I hope my poem is so lively writ,
That thou wilt get half mad with reading it."

THOMAS BASTARD, a celebrated poet and preacher, of the 17th century, published, in 1605, five sermons. The three first, upon Luke i. ver. 76, are entitled, "The Marigold and the Sun." The same author entitled another pub-

lished sermon, "A Christian Exhortation to innocent Anger."

THE Kirk of Scotland may do good without intending it. Poetry is really a bad trade. Sir WALTER SCOTT tells us, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," that a poor scholar in Scotland was publicly obliged to renounce "*the unprofitable and ungodly* art of poetry!"

WHAT a lordly age of poetry is *this!* They quite elbow poor poets out of the vestibule of Parnassus. Lord Byron, Lord Carlisle, Lord Holland, Lord Strangford, Lord Thurlow, Lord Glenbervie, Lord Porchester, and several others, besides some in training; and yet, says Selden, "'Tis ridiculous for a Lord to print verses; 'tis well enough to make them to please yourself, but to make them to please the public, is foolish. If a man is a private character, twirl his band-strings, or play with a rush to please himself, 'tis well enough; but if he should go into Fleet-street, and sit upon a stall, and twirl a band-string, or play with a rush, then all the boys in the street would laugh at him."

HENAULT.

THIS French poet "was a man of genius and erudition," says his biographer, "but strangely wrong-headed in one respect; he professing Atheism, and priding himself in his opinion with a most detestable affectation and fury. He had drawn up three different systems with regard to the mortality of the soul, and went to Holland purposely to visit Spinosa, who, nevertheless, did not much esteem his erudition. But things wore a quite different face at his death, he being a convert to the other extreme; for his confessor was forced to prevent his receiving the viaticum or sacrament with a halter about his neck, in the middle of his chamber."

MALLET'S INFIDELITY.

MALLET was not only a great free-thinker, but a very free speaker of his free thoughts. He made no scruple to disseminate his sceptical opinions wherever he could with any propriety introduce them. At his own table, indeed, the lady of the house, who was a staunch advocate for her husband's opinions, would often, in the

warmth of argument, say, " Sir, we Deists."—She once made use of this expression, in a mixed company, to David Hume, who refused the intended compliment, by asserting that he was a very good Christian; for the truth of which, he appealed to a worthy clergyman present; and this occasioned a laugh, which a little disconcerted the lady and Mr. Mallet.

The lecture upon the *non-credenda* of the Free-thinkers was repeated so often, and urged with so much earnestness, that the inferior domestics soon became as able disputants as the heads of the family. The fellow who waited at table being thoroughly convinced that for any of his misdeeds he should have no after-account to make, was resolved to profit by the doctrine, and made off with many things of value, particularly plate. Luckily he was so closely pursued, that he was brought back with his spoil to his master's house, who examined him before some of his select friends. At first the man was sullen, and would answer no questions put to him; but being urged to give a reason for his infamous behaviour, he resolutely said, " Sir, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after

death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well, but, you rascal!" replied Mallet, "had you no fear of the gallows?"—"Sir," said the fellow, looking sternly at his master, "what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror, why should I fear the lesser?"

WALLER.

This poet, on his death-bed, professed his Christian faith with great earnestness, telling his children that he remembered, when the Duke of Buckingham once talked profanely before King Charles, he told him, "My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and believe I have heard more arguments for Atheism than ever your Grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them, and so I hope your Grace will."

MENAGE'S MEMORY.

Menage wrote verses in complaint of his loss of memory. We will quote the (translated) sense of his fine Latin Hymn to the Goddess of Memory:—"O Mnemosyne! venerable mo-

ther of the Muses, thou great favourite of Jove himself, the father of the gods, dost thou withdraw thy patronage from me, thy faithful client? Alas! I remember when in my youthful days I could have recited the names of a thousand philosophers and a thousand sects, and relate a thousand passages of history, and give an account of all the nations upon earth. Now, I have forgotten all these names; I hardly remember my own. I remember when I could repeat great part of Homer and Ovid, and the whole Works of Virgil; but now, I have lost all that treasure of poetry. I cannot so much as repeat the verses which I composed but the other day myself. The great Bignon, the wonder of France, wondered to hear me repeat the whole heads of the law. When I was young, I used to relate the pleasant tales and acute sayings of the philosophers to crowds of admiring youth. That faculty by which I made myself agreeable to the young ladies, is no more; I am now become their scorn. I remember when they used to be swallowed up in attention while I spoke; but now, when I repeat the same tales, the same verses as before, (not dreaming that they were the same they had formerly heard

from my mouth, till a trusty old friend gave me the hint,) they disdainfully leave me in the middle of my recital."

It appears, that after this, his memory was restored to him, and he published a poem of thanks to the goddess when he was seventy-seven years, three months, and seven days old.

VANITY OF FRENCH POETS.

Santeul, a French canon, was very vain of his poetical talents. When he had finished any poetry, he used to say, "Now I will go and put chains along all the bridges of the town, to prevent my brother bards from drowning themselves."

Du Perrier, a French poet, finding Boileau one day at church, insisted upon repeating to him an ode, even during the elevation of the host!

BINET AND RONSARD.

That one author will flatter another, in hopes to be repaid in kind, is famously instanced in the Life of Ronsard, the French Poet, by Binet.

"Ronsard," says he, "was born on Saturday, the 11th of September, 1524, on which day, King Francis I. was taken before Pavia. It may be made a question whether France received more injury by this unhappy capture, than advantage by this auspicious birth of Ronsard, which was signalized, like that of other great men, by so memorable an incident. Thus, the birth of Alexander the Great was signalized and illuminated, as it were, by the burning of the Temple of Diana, in the city of Ephesus."

This must needs be a noble compensation! and the French must have been sufficiently indemnified for the imprisonment of their King, (an incident which brought that kingdom to the brink of ruin,) since a man of wit was born that day amongst them, who has enriched them with the Lord knows how many thousand verses, in sonnets, madrigals, stanzas, hymns, odes, &c.

Ronsard had a good opinion of his "Franciad," as appears by the following lines:

"Un lit ce livre pour apprendre,
L'autre le lit comme envieux:
Il est bien aisé de reprendre,
Mais mal aisé de faire mieux."

The sense of which is,

> " One reads this volume for instruction's sake;
> Another reads it with an envious spirit:
> Nothing is easier than to cast a censure,
> But to excel it, that, my friend, 's the point."

MALLET AND GARRICK.

THE vanity of David Garrick was insatiate; and being so visible to all, they had but to administer to this weakness, and they achieved their point. Mallet, who wrote the Life of the Duke of Marlborough, wishing to have his tragedy of "Elvira" brought forward, adopted this mode. Having waited upon him one day, after the common salute, Mr. Garrick asked him what it was that employed his studies. "Why, upon my word," said Mallet, "I am eternally fatigued with preparing and arranging materials for the Life of the great Duke of Marlborough; my nights and days are occupied with that history; and you know, Mr. Garrick, that it is a very bright and interesting period in the British annals. But hark'ye, my friend, do you know that I have found out a very pretty snug niche

in it for you?"—"Hey! how's that? a niche for me!" said the Manager, turning quickly upon him, his eyes sparkling with unusual fire; "how the devil could you bring me into the history of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough?"—"That's my business, my dear friend," rejoined Mallet, "but I tell you I have done it."—"Well, faith, Mallet, you have the art of surprising your friends in the most unexpected and the politest manner: but why won't you, now, who are so well qualified, write something for the stage? You should relax, you know! for I am sure the theatre is a mere matter of diversion, a pleasure to you."—"Why, faith," said the other, "to tell you the truth, I have, whenever I could rob the Duke of an hour or so, employed myself in adapting La Motte's 'Ines de Castro,' to the English stage, and—here it is." The Manager embraced "Elvira" with rapture, and brought it forward with all expedition.

A gentleman of the law, who could not miss such an opportunity of laughing at Mr. Garrick's preposterous vanity, met him one day, and told him he had been applied to by the booksellers to publish an edition of the Statutes

at Large, and he hoped he should find a snug niche in them, to introduce him.

EDWARD HOWARD, EARL OF SUFFOLK.

WALPOLE says, "I was told the following story of this nobleman, by a gentleman well known in the literary world, who, when he first appeared as an author, was sent for by this noble Lord to his house. His Lordship told him, that he employed many of his idle hours in poetry; but that, having the misfortune to be of the same name with the Hon. Edward Howard, so much ridiculed in the last age, no printer would meddle with his works; which, therefore, he desired the gentleman to recommend to some of the profession of his acquaintance. The gentleman excused himself as well as he could. The Earl then began to read some of his verses; but coming to the description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, 'Sir, I am not like most poets: I do not draw from ideal mistresses; I always have my subject before me;' and, ringing the bell, he said to the footman, 'Call up Fine Eyes.' A woman of the town appeared; 'Fine Eyes,' said the Earl, 'look full on this gentleman:'

she did, and retired. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed the respective charms, for which they had been distinguished by his lordship's pencil."

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

Of this early poet, and zealous reprobator of the abuses of the Romish Church, Pinkerton has remarked, that "he was, in fact, more the Reformer of Scotland than John Knox; for he had prepared the ground, and Knox only sowed the seed."—"Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount," says Archbishop Spotswood, "shall be first named; a man honourably descended, and greatly favoured by King James the Fifth. Besides his knowledge and judgment of heraldry, whereof he was the chief, [being Lord Lyon, King of Arms] and in other public matters, he was most religiously inclined; but much hated by the clergy, for the liberty he used in condemning the superstition of the time, and rebuking their loose and dissolute lives." The following instance of the boldness with which he satirized their ignorance and

rapacity is related by Charters, in his Preface to Lindsay's "Warkis."

The King, James the Fifth, being one day surrounded by a numerous train of nobility and prelates, Lindsay approached him with due reverence, and began to prefer a humble petition that he would instal him in an office which was then vacant. "I have," said he, "servit your Grace lang, and luik to be rewardit as others are: and now your maister taylor, at the pleasure of God, is departit, wherefore I wold desire of your Grace to bestow this little benefite upon me." The King answered, that he was amazed at such a request from a man who could neither shape nor sew. "Sir," replied the poet, "that makes nae matter; for you have given bishoprics and benefices to mony standing here about you, and yet they can nouther teach nor preach; and why may not I as weill be your taylor, thoch I can nouther shape nor sew; seeing teaching and preaching are nae less requisite to their vocation, than shaping and sewing to ane taylor." The King, who now perceived the object of his petition, did not scruple to divert himself at the expense

of the ecclesiastics, who were galled beyond measure, as well by the justice as by the severity of the rebuke.

His poem, called the "Monarchie," which is one of the most poetical of his numerous compositions, is an account of the most famous monarchies that have flourished in the world; and, like all the Gothic prose-histories, or chronicles, on the same favourite subject, it begins with the creation of the world, and ends with the day of judgment. An extract from his account of the first of these events, in which we have modernised the spelling, but without changing a word of the original, will give the reader no unpleasing idea of his skill in descriptive versification.

"When God had made the heavens bright,
The sun and moon for to give light,
The starry heav'n and chrystalline,
And, by his sapience divine,
The planets, in their circles round,
Whirling about with merry sound;—
He clad the earth with herbs and trees,
All kind of fishes in the seas,
All kind of beasts he did prepare,
With fowlis flying in the air.

When heaven, earth, and their contents,
Were ended, with their ornaments,
Then, last of all, the Lord began
Of most vile earth to make the man;
Not of the lily, or the rose,
Nor cyper-tree, as I suppose,
Neither of gold, nor precious stones,—
Of earth he made flesh, blood, and bones.
To that intent God made him thus,—
That man should not be glorious,
Nor in himself nothing should see,
But matter of humility."

Considering that these "nervous, terse, and polished lines," as Warton justly styles them, were written in the year 1553, one is surprised to meet with such an harmonious flow of verse, clothed in language so little obscure, at so early a period of Scottish literature.

TASSO, AND THE ROBBER'S CAPTAIN.

THE confines of the ecclesiastical states were formerly so infested by banditti, that travellers went in parties for each other's protection. Tasso, having occasion to proceed from Naples to Rome, joined himself to one of these companies; and when they came within sight of Mola, a little town near Gaieta, they received intelligence that Sciarra, a famous captain of robbers,

was near at hand, with a great body of men. Tasso was of opinion, that they should continue their journey, and endeavour to defend themselves; but his opinion was overruled, and they threw themselves into Mola for safety. Here they remained some time, in a manner blocked up by Sciarra. At last, the outlaw, hearing that Tasso was one of the party, sent a message, assuring him he might pass in safety, and offered to conduct him wherever he pleased. Tasso returned his thanks, but declined the offer; not, perhaps, daring to rely on the word of such a man as Sciarra. The robber then sent another message, informing Tasso, that, on his account, he would withdraw his men, and leave the way open. A proof of the great reputation his works had gained him, even amongst the vilest of mankind. Sciarra did as he said, and Tasso, continuing his journey, arrived at Rome without accident.

DEATH OF TASSO.

Tasso, towards the close of his life, was enjoying that tranquillity which he so much loved, when Cardinal Cynthio found means to

recall him from Naples to Rome, by persuading the Pope to give him the honour of being solemnly crowned with laurel in the capitol. Tasso was not desirous of this honour, but he, at last, yielded to the persuasion of Manso, and departed for Rome, although he had a secret presage it would never take place. Tasso was greatly affected at parting with Manso, and took his leave of him as with one he should never see again.

Tasso arrived at Rome 1595, where he was met by many prelates and other persons of distinction, and was afterwards introduced, by the two Cardinals, Cynthio and Pietro, to the presence of the Pope, who was pleased to tell him, "that his merit would add as much honour to the laurel he was going to receive, as that crown had added to the honour of those on whom it had formerly been conferred." Nothing was now thought of but the approaching solemnity; orders were given not only to decorate the Pope's palace, but the capitol and all principal streets through which the procession had to pass. Tasso appeared unmoved by all these preparations; and, being shown a sonnet

composed for the occasion by a relation, he made the following answer, from Seneca, descriptive of his forebodings:—

"Magnifica verba mors propè admota excutit."

(approaching death cuts short all praises). And it proved too true; for whilst they waited for fair weather to celebrate the ceremony, Cardinal Cynthio fell ill, and, as soon as he recovered, Tasso was seized with his last sickness; and, although he had not completed his fifty-first year, his studies and misfortunes had brought on him a premature old age.

Being persuaded that his end was approaching, he desired to spend a few days in the monastery of St. Onuphrius; to which place he was carried in Cynthio's coach, and was received and treated with the utmost tenderness by the prior and brethren. The physicians in Rome tried all their art, but Tasso, notwithstanding, grew worse; and when Rinaldini, his intimate, and the Pope's physician, told him his last hour was at hand, he thanked him for the tidings, and "acknowledged the goodness of God, who was pleased, at last, to bring him into port after so long a storm." From that time

he disengaged his thoughts from earthly things, received the sacrament in the chapel of the convent, whither he was carried by the brethren, and then brought back to his chamber. Being asked where he would be interred, he replied, in the church of St. Onuphrius. To the request, that he would leave a memorial of his will in writing, and dictate the epitaph to be engraven on his tomb, he smiled, and said, "In regard to the first, he had little worldly goods to leave; and as to the second, a plain stone would suffice over him." He left Cardinal Cynthio his heir; and desired his picture to be given to his friend, Manso; and received the Pope's benediction from the hand of Cynthio, an honour never so conferred but on Cardinals, and men of distinction. He received it with great humility, and said, "This is the crown I came to Rome to receive." On the Cardinal's desiring to know if he had any request to make, Tasso said, —"he had but one favour to desire of him, which was, that he would collect and commit his works to the flames" (particularly his "Jerusalem Delivered," the most perfect). In the middle of the next day, finding himself growing faint, he embraced the crucifix held to

him by his confessor, and expired ere he could utter the whole of the sentence, "*In manus tuas, Domine!*"—(Into thy hands, O Lord!—) He was buried, the same evening, where he had desired, and a plain stone placed over his remains. Cardinal Cynthio intended to have placed a magnificent monument over his remains, but had been prevented by ten years' sickness, when Manso came to Rome to visit the grave of his friend, and entreated to take charge of the erection; but this the Cardinal would not permit. He prevailed so far as to have engraved on the stone:—"*Hic jacet Torquatus Tasso.*"—"Here lies Torquato Tasso."

JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, (SECOND SON OF CHARLES I.) AND MILTON.

The Duke of York, it is said, one day told the King, his brother, that he had heard so much of "old Milton," he had a great desire to see him. Charles told the Duke, that he had no objection to his satisfying his curiosity; and accordingly, shortly after, James, having informed himself where Milton lived, went privately to his house. Being introduced to

him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his guest, they conversed together for some time; but, in the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, "Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against the late King, his father?" Milton's reply was to this effect:—"If your Highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here are indications of the wrath of heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the King, your father? The displeasure of heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than against me; for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his *head*." The Duke was exceedingly nettled at this answer, and went away, soon after, very angry. When he came back to the Court, the first thing he said to the King, was, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue, Milton, hanged."—"Why, what's the matter, James?" said the King; "you seem in a heat: what! have you seen Milton?"—"Yes," answered the Duke, "I have seen him."—"Well," said the King, "in what condition did you find him?"

—"Condition!" replied the Duke; "why, he's old, and very poor."—"Old and poor!" said the King; "well, and he is blind, is he not?"—"Yes," said the Duke, "blind as a beetle."—"Why, then, you are a fool, James," replied the King, "to want to have him hanged as a punishment:—to hang him will be doing him a service; it will be taking him out of his miseries. No, if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough, in all conscience:—let him live."

DOCTOR WOLCOT, ALIAS PETER PINDAR.

Dr. Wolcot, at an early period, discovered a strong attachment to theatrical entertainments. This, of course, was connected with a liking for actors and actresses, and he once had an opportunity both of evincing and illustrating this partiality; for when an itinerant company was driven, by legal violence, from Kingsbridge, in Devonshire, he kindly interposed, and afforded it an asylum within his own premises, in the neighbouring parish of Dodbrooke. This gave birth to an "Ode to my Barn," which appears to have been the receptacle in which

the hapless children of Thespis took refuge from the joint persecution of the justices, churchwardens, and overseers.

" Sweet haunt of solitude and rats,
Mice, tuneful owls, and purring cats,
Who, while we mortals sleep, the gloom pervade;
And wish not for the Sun's all-seeing eye,
Their mousing mysteries to espy;
Blest, like philosophers, amidst the shade!

When Persecution, with an iron hand,
Dared drive the moral-menders from the land,
Call'd Players—friendly to the wandering crew,
Thine eye with tears survey'd the mighty wrong,
Thine open arms receiv'd the mournful throng,
Kings without shirts, and queens with half a shoe.

Alas! what dangers gloom'd of late around!
Monarchs and queens, with halters nearly bound;
Duke, dukeling, princess, prince, consign'd to jail:
And, what the very soul of pity shocks,
The poor old Lear was threaten'd with the stocks—
Cordelia, with the cart's unfeeling tail."

DEATH OF DR. WOLCOT.

During the excessive heat which occurred in August, 1818, the Doctor took to his bed, which

he never expected to leave: he felt his strength decaying, and became resigned to the dispensations of Providence.

Having determined on the disposal of his property, he dictated a short will, in which he directed his musical instruments, (excepting a piano forte,) pictures, prints, crayon drawings, and two folio copies of Shakspeare, to be sold. He bequeathed a few pecuniary legacies to friends, and his furniture, piano forte, and £110 to one servant, and £50 to the other. Such was the nicety of his honour with regard to the just settlement of his debts, that he desired a sum of five pounds, formerly borrowed, might be repaid, if, on inquiry, it should appear to be still owing. He also directed an old picture by Ruysdael, then in his possession, but not his property, to be returned to the owner; and left instructions for £50 to be paid to each of his executors. The residue he intended for his sister, whom, as the only surviving relative of near affinity, he considered the most equitable inheritor.

During the months of October and November he considerably recovered, and at intervals his manuscripts were brought to his bed-side, and

cursorily examined, when he directed several to be destroyed. In December he grew much weaker, and became quite helpless.

The day preceding his death he took, as he considered, a final farewell of some friends, and the next morning, Thursday, the 14th January, 1819, expired about ten o'clock, with such perfect ease, that his attendants knew not the exact moment.

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